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LITERATURE.

The Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland; with a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of the Thirty Years' War. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D. (London: Murray, 1874.)

(First Notice.)

A NEW work from Mr. Motley's pen is certain to meet with a general welcome. In becoming the historian of the Dutch Republic he chose a subject singularly adapted to his powers. The heroic resistance of the founders of the new state against the apparently overwhelming might of Spain had roused all his enthusiasm, and he found a congenial work in calling the world to witness their patriotic devotion in the hour of danger, and the wise thoughtfulness with which, when victory had been won, they ordered the people which they had saved. If, on the other hand, Mr. Motley is inclined to do scant justice to the men whose tyranny was the cause of so much human misery, and if he seldom attempts to put himself in the position of those whose deeds were so evil, it may fairly be pleaded on his behalf that rarely, in the course of the world's history, have light and darkness been so clearly divided from one another, rarely have the redeeming points, which are always to be found in the worst of causes, been so hard to detect.

It is hardly worth while to say that the name which Mr. Motley has given to his book is a misnomer. The greater part of Barneveld's life has already been told by himself in his *History of the United Netherlands*, and, except that we are reminded in a few pages of Barneveld's younger days, Mr. Motley has given us but the nine closing years of an old man's career. But those years are full of significance. In them we see the last great statesman of Continental Protestantism till Gustavus arose, dealing successfully for a time with those miserable distractions of Germany which called upon every statesman worthy of the name to find some remedy for the well-nigh hopeless disease; and then, when the danger is postponed, if not averted, we find the same man facing the greater question of religious toleration, and falling a victim to his honest, if imperfect, efforts to vindicate the rights of conscience.

The twelve years' truce with Spain, which was signed in 1609, was, as we know from Mr. Motley's former volumes, the work of Barneveld. The Commonwealth of which this man was the guiding spirit was a rough federation of seven states, one of which—that of Holland—was far beyond the others in wealth and population, and, as long as it was not divided by internal strife, its representatives occupied much the same position

amongst the States-General, or Federal Assembly, as is occupied by Prussia in the Federal Council of Germany in the present day. And to all intents and purposes, as Mr. Motley shows, the Provincial Government of Holland—the States of Holland, as it was called—whether they were engaged in the management of their own internal affairs, or whether they were taking part by representation in the States-General, spoke by the voice and thought with the thoughts of Barneveld.

"The advocate and keeper of the seal of that province," Mr. Motley tells us (i. 10), "was, therefore, virtually prime minister, president, attorney-general, finance minister, and minister of foreign affairs of the whole republic. This was Barneveld's position. He took the lead in the deliberations both of the States of Holland and the States-General, moved resolutions, advocated great measures of State, gave heed to their execution, collected the votes, summed up the proceedings, corresponded with and instructed ambassadors, received and negotiated with foreign ministers, besides directing and holding in hand the various threads of the home policy and the rapidly growing colonial system of the republic."

He was, in fact, on a lesser stage, if extent of territory only be regarded, the Bismarck of the day, the statesman of a province, becoming the leader of a federation. Yet he strikes us as altogether a greater man. He was less ready to appeal to blood and iron, more ready to trust in human worth, and to value intellectual freedom for its own sake. And if his confidence led him to the scaffold, we need judge him none the harder for that. His work was not for his own life, but for the centuries to come. His blood spoke to his countrymen from the dust which drank it up, and all that was great in the future history of the Netherlands, especially the magnificent example of toleration which they were to give to the world, was only possible when the men of the next generation began once more to tread in the course which Barneveld had traced out.

The religious strife, which was to cost the statesman his life, haunts us like a shadow almost from the beginning of Mr. Motley's pages. But for some time the interest lies principally with the affairs of this world. Scarcely was the ink dry on the instrument which put an end for a time to the war between Spain and its revolted provinces, when the Duke of Cleve and Jülich died, leaving almost as many competitors for his succession as those who strove for the Crown of Scotland after the death of the Maid of Norway. The two who were foremost in their claims were the Elector of Brandenburg and the Count Palatine of Neuburg, and of these the Elector seems to have had the better right. Both of these were Protestants, and whilst they were preparing to put forward their claims as best they might, the Catholics were acting. Leopold, the militant Bishop, who was the brother of Ferdinand of Styria, threw himself into Jülich and took possession of the Duchies in the name of the Emperor, to whom, alone, he said, it belonged to adjudge the prize.

There is more to be said for the Emperor's claim than Mr. Motley seems to be aware of. But if his claim were just by all the laws of the Empire, it was not one to which the Dutch Government could possibly submit.

The lands in dispute were situated along the Rhine, where it flows into the territory of the Republic, and if it were occupied by Spanish troops it would be a terrible thorn in the side of the States if war should ever recommence. That the Emperor, whatever might be his rights, had no power to maintain them without Spanish aid from Brussels, was too evident to need further proof. Barneveld, therefore, without troubling himself further about the laws of Germany, saw that he had a plain task before him. Whoever else got the Duchies, the Emperor and his episcopal henchman must have nothing to do with them.

The object was clear, but the Republic alone was not strong enough to attain it. Application must be made to two men more unlike in every feature of body and mind than any two who ever existed on this earth. Barneveld's statesmanship would be taxed to the uttermost in conducting in one common path Henry IV. of France and James I. of England.

We must confess we should have been better pleased if Mr. Motley had been able to tell us what it was precisely which Barneveld wanted to do. There were evidently two policies between which he might choose. He may, on the one hand, have been content to occupy the Duchies, and to place them in the hands of the enemies of Spain. On the other hand, he may have seen a fair occasion for recommending a general war with a powerful ally, and may have welcomed Henry's plan of revolutionising Europe, to be commenced by an attack upon the Spanish Netherlands, and to be followed up by a general overthrow of the House of Austria. It seems hardly likely that a statesman of Barneveld's experience should have hoped so much as Henry did from these wide-reaching projects, and we suspect from Mr. Motley's narrative, that Barneveld would have been well content if Henry had merely offered to secure the Duchies from the grasp of Spain.

Henry's plans, as they are developed by Mr. Motley, were of stupendous magnitude. The King was to move on the Rhine to seize the Duchies at the head of 35,000 men, supported by a Dutch force of 14,000. Another army was to attack Spain itself, and to raise, if possible, the Moors to insurrection. A third French army would join the Duke of Savoy, and conquer the Milanese for that ambitious potentate, whilst Genoa and Savoy were to be annexed to France.

So much has been said about Henry's designs, and so many doubts have been thrown over the information which has reached us, that we are deeply indebted to Mr. Motley for the abstract which he has given us of a despatch from Aerssens, the Dutch ambassador at Paris, dated January 24, 1610, and which has up to this time remained unread by historians. Henry had expressed a wish that Barneveld would come in person to Paris.

"He told the Ambassador (i. 164) that he was anxiously waiting for the Advocate in order to consult with him as to all the details of the war. The affair of Cleve, he said, was too special a cause, a more universal one was wanted. The King preferred to begin with Luxemburg, attacking Charlemont or Namur, while the States ought at the

same time to besiege Venlo, with the intention afterwards of uniting with the King or laying siege to Maestricht.

"He was strong enough, he said, against all the world, but he still preferred to invite all the princes interested to join him in putting down the ambitious and growing power of Spain. Cleve was a plausible pretext, but the true cause, he said, should be found in the general safety of Christendom."

By and by he expressed his immediate design with complete plainness.

"I mean," he said (i. 106), "to assemble my army on the frontier, as if to move on Jülich, and then suddenly sweep down on the Meuse, where, sustained by the States' army and that of the princes," *i.e.* the princes of the German Protestant Union, "I will strike my blows and finish my enterprise before our adversary has got wind of what is coming."

A French ruler of our own times has been accused of making war like a conspirator. It will be seen that in this respect he was only following the example of the hero of the white cockade. What follows is still worse. Spinola, the Spanish general, trusting in the peace which existed with France, "was about to make a journey to Spain on various matters of business" (i. 107). Henry thought of finding a pretext for arresting him as he passed through France. "The object," he told Aerssens, "would be to deprive the archdukes of any military chief, and thus to throw them into utter confusion."

Barneveld, cautious as usual, seems hardly to have approved that magnificent scheme, though Mr. Motley attributes his conduct to motives of prudence rather than to any actual disapprobation. In March (i. 185) Aerssens was only able to inform Henry "that for the affair of Cleve and Jülich he had instructions to promise entire concurrence," whilst he does not appear to have had anything to say about the attack upon Venlo and the siege of Maestricht. Henry again repeated (i. 186) that he could not reach Jülich without a war with the Spanish Netherlands, and that he could do nothing without the active help of the States. By the end of the month (i. 192) he was complaining that the States wished "to excuse themselves from sharing in his bold conceptions," and saying that he could resolve on nothing without their concurrence.

In the middle of April special Dutch commissioners, Barneveld being too busily engaged at home to be one of the number, arrived in Paris. But though they had much to say about the Duchies, they had nothing to say about the attack on the Netherlands.

"It would have been culpable carelessness, therefore, at this moment," Mr. Motley observes (i. 211), "for the Prime Minister of the States to have committed his Government in writing to a full participation in a general assault upon the House of Austria; the first steps in which would have been a breach of the treaty just concluded, and instant hostilities with the Archdukes Albert and Isabella."

And so when Henry prepared at last to set out for his attack upon the Netherlands, he set out upon an enterprise in which, as far as his immediate object was concerned, he had not a single ally. And Mr. Motley brings out all the more strongly, because unconsciously, how weak his chances were. The knife of Ravaillac cut short his hopes, and it is useless

to speculate what might have happened if he had made a leap, which was as perilous as that on which he ventured when he passed from one religion to another. The isolation in which Henry stood at home, stands out in Mr. Motley's pages in terrible distinctness, though Mr. Motley is hardly aware how great a moral strength accrued to the Catholic powers from the reputation of self-seeking and restless ambition which was gathering round their opponents. We may be sure that James of England did not stand alone when he wrote (ii. 451) of some plan of Henry's, in one of those letters which Mr. Motley has rescued from their seclusion in the Hatfield Library.

"As for the French project, I confess that it is set down in very honourable and civil terms, as to the exterior part, but the whole substance thereof runs upon that main ground of his particular advantage, which is not to be wondered at in one of his nature, who only careth to provide for the felicity of his present life, without any respect of his life to come."

And though Mr. Motley tells us enough to enable us to judge for ourselves, and takes good care to paint in proper relief the follies and crimes of the man whom he admires, we should have been better pleased if he had said less about the continual aggression of the Catholic powers, and more of the feeling of distrust awakened by the mode in which men like Henry thought fit to meet that aggression.

That this distrust, though justifiable on other grounds, was deepened by the ridiculous passion of Henry for the Princess of Condé, there can be no doubt whatever. We are not therefore inclined to find fault with Mr. Motley for telling that episode at its full length. The story is given in his best manner. We seem to see before us the old king frantically making love to the lovely child of sixteen summers, taking to his bed and groaning wildly when his prey is snatched and carried off to Brussels, offering to make war or peace with the rulers of the Spanish Netherlands in which she had found shelter, according to the effect which either seemed at the moment to be likely to have upon the gratification of his guilty passion. And we see too, what Mr. Motley does not see, the rising disgust of the conservative respectabilities of Europe, and we acknowledge that one more link was forged in the chain of the causes of the Thirty Years' War, when it could be said, with whatever exaggeration, that the great enemy of the House of Austria was about to plunge half a continent into a sea of blood, in order that a grey-bearded adulterer might gratify his never-satiated lust.

When Henry IV. fell before the murderer's knife, Barneveld could not hope for much assistance from France. He therefore looked all the more anxiously to James of England.

There is no question more difficult for an historian to decide than that which relates to the extent to which he ought to carry his researches into the history of countries other than his own, as it cannot be right for him to take up more time in this way than is absolutely necessary for the elucidation of his own immediate subject. Mr. Motley has, however, it must be acknowledged, hardly

that acquaintance with English affairs which might reasonably be expected of him. One would have thought that he would have known that the title of Lord Hayes (ii. 77) did not exist in the English peerage, that Archbishop Whitgift (i. 266) had been dead some years before 1611, and that in 1612, when he says of James (i. 288), "but was not Gondomar ever at his elbow, and the Infanta always in the perspective?" Gondomar had not arrived in England, and there was no marriage with an Infanta in contemplation; the negotiation for the hand of the Infanta Anne having been broken off in 1611, and the negotiation for the hand of the Infanta Maria not being entered on till 1614. These, however, are small slips. The important matter is that Mr. Motley should be content with giving us the mere caricature of James with which he has satisfied himself, and should have the right to speak of the English King as one who was in the habit of hanging Puritans (i. 287), as a man who was a "Catholic at heart" (i. 54), and who was surrounded by a court "compared to which the harem of Henry was a temple of vestals" (i. 159). In fact, however, the despatches of the Dutch ambassadors do not furnish the best materials for forming a true conception of James's character. The tiresome way in which he failed at the critical moment those who were building upon his word must have been very disgusting to all who were in need of his help; and if we think that Mr. Motley has failed to bring out the shrewdness and good sense which was often rendered useless by his infinite incapacity for taking trouble, and his aptness to go astray in pursuit of some minor object, it should not be forgotten that Mr. Motley has shown his desire to be fair and just by the care with which he draws attention to any specially sensible remark of the king's whenever it happens to come in the way.

To dispute with Mr. Motley on James's character would lead us too far from the central subject of his book. But it is impossible to avoid noticing that his want of interest in James has led him to give a totally incorrect account of James's connection with the siege of Jülich and the occupation of a portion of the Duchies. Prince Maurice and the Dutch, he says, did the work alone. When Henry was dead, the Dutch commissioners in England implored the assistance of James in vain (i. 253).

"The barren burthen of knighthood, and a sermon on predestination were all he could bestow upon the high commissioners in place of the alliance which he eluded, and the military assistance which he point-blank refused."

On the contrary, James was represented at the siege of Jülich, as we shall show presently, by 4,000 men. So far from James wishing, as Mr. Motley represents him to have wished, to abstain from taking part in the quarrel, his whole anxiety, and the anxiety of his Ministers, had been to make sure that he should not have to fight alone. He did not trust Henry, and as Mr. Motley does not trust Henry much either, he cannot blame him very hardly for that.

Mr. Motley acknowledges his obligations to the present Marquis of Salisbury for copies of letters which we have to thank him for

printing in the Appendix. Let us present him in return with an extract from a despatch written by the Marquis's ancestor, the Earl of Salisbury, to the English Agent at Paris on Nov. 9, 1609 (*State Papers—France*).

" His Majesty being often earnestly solicited not only by the pretendants, *i.e.* to the Duchies, but by divers princes their allies, hath been pleased, according to that which he hath before made known in his declaration, that Sir R. Winwood should repair to Düsseldorf or elsewhere, if he were so entreated by the princes, and that the French king and the States did likewise send up their ministers. So, as you see, his direction to go thither is limited by two circumstances, the one to attend the princes' entreaty, and the other to be assured that France and the United Provinces would do the like. For from the first overture his Majesty had no purpose for any second or collateral respects to embark himself on their party first and alone, but only to go hand in hand with others, whom peradventure it doth more nearly import, and by a common consent of counsel and assistance to establish the true proprietors against any third person, that by colour either of a title or of Imperial power and prerogative would usurp upon their right, which course his Majesty knew to be most compatible with his present estate, both as it is in itself, and as it hath relation and confederacy with others."

Mr. Motley can hardly wish anything more straightforward than this. But as he may still argue that these are the words of Salisbury and not the deeds of James, it will be as well to add the solution of the mystery about the troops.

James, as is well known, had no standing army. If he levied a force of 4,000 men in England, he would merely get a number of raw recruits, who would not become trained soldiers till the need for them was over. The States, on the other hand, had a standing army, and amongst their troops were certain English and Scotch regiments in the pay and under the orders of the States. James, therefore, proposed that, as soon as the expedition was ready to start for Jülich, he should take 4,000 of these men into his pay, upon the agreement that, as soon as the fighting was over, they should return to the service of the States. Everybody was satisfied. The States got from James the service of 4,000 efficient men without paying for them, and James was saved the trouble of levying a force on England. If this is what Mr. Motley calls a sermon on predestination, it was certainly drawn up in a very tangible shape.

And so Jülich was taken, and part at least of the Duchies was saved from the grasp of Spain. The thing was done, not in Henry's way, but in James's way. Peace was preserved in Europe for eight years to come; and who could tell in 1610 that it might not be prolonged indefinitely? The remainder of the story of the bickerings which ensued must be left to Mr. Motley to tell in his own way; and, as far as we can judge from a narrative in which the Spanish side is scarcely heard, he seems to have convicted Spain of shuffling and deception. But we have no space for all this. We have still to speak of his treatment of the great religious quarrel in the Netherlands, and of the view which he has taken of the origin of the war in Germany.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

A NEW DODSLEY.

A Select Collection of Old English Plays. Originally published by Robert Dodsley in the Year 1744. Fourth Edition. Now first chronologically arranged, revised, and enlarged, with the Notes of all the Commentators, and new Notes by W. Carew Hazlitt. Vol. I. (London: Reeves & Turner, 1874.)

THOSE readers who delight to recreate and amuse themselves with the beauties and curiosities of our ancient dramatic literature, will heartily welcome this new edition of Dodsley. There is, indeed, one drawback to their satisfaction: "The tendency in each successive edition has been to remodel the undertaking on the principle of rejecting plays which from time to time have been lifted up (so to speak) into the collective works of their respective authors, and to substitute for them plays which have either suffered unmerited obscurity in original and rare editions, or have lain so far scattered about in various other collections; and in the present case that principle has been strictly adhered to." Possibly the principle has been carried too far. It may have been well to exclude the leading dramatists such as Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and Ford; but perhaps it may not be equally judicious to shut out the exceptionally good work of a second-rate writer, merely because some one has been whimsical or charitable enough to edit him. Miller's excellent selection, *The Ancient British Drama*, contained the best plays of those dramatists who had written several of unequal merit, and whose "whole works" comparatively few have the inclination (not to say the means) to procure. In this modified Dodsley, some of the brightest stars of the old galaxy shine no more; and the literary as distinguished from the antiquarian value of the book is thereby somewhat lowered. *Alexander and Campaspe*, *The Woman killed with Kindness*, *Vittoria Corombona*—"all, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

But we "are not all unhappy." There are additions also, plays edited and inedited. In the case of the former, the prefaces and notes are reprinted, with occasional bracketed corrections by Mr. Hazlitt, whose editorial vigilance must have relaxed somewhat at the end of Haslewood's preface to *Thersites*, where what is evidently intended as a graceful adieu to the reader is thus strangely metamorphosed (Haslewood is apologising for the use of modern type):—

..... "The now almost 'olden' venial transgression of him who will probably continue sinning, until the forced guest to banquet with the doctor and his associate."

There is but one inedited play in this volume—*Calisto and Meliboea*. A table of contents has, seemingly, been forgotten. As the arrangement is intended to be strictly chronological, it is, perhaps, by an oversight that the *Four P. P.*, of which the earliest edition was published "1540 or thereabout," is put before *Thersites*, which must have been played (though not published) in 1537. Mr. Hazlitt speaks very modestly of his execution of his unambitious programme, "in which there was a fair share of labour and difficulty." Judging from this sample,

the reader will readily allow that the labour was one of love, and that the difficulty has been overcome.

We are here presented with specimens of the interludes in vogue during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., but produced in some abundance about the year 1540. The *Four Elements* is philosophical; *Every Man, Hickscorner, World and Child, God's Promises* are moral and religious; *Calisto and Meliboea* is a rhetorical comedy, and *Thersites* a broad farce of the most primitive construction; while the *Pardoner and the Friar* and the *Four P. P.* are controversial and comic.

The character of the *Four Elements* is unique. It is an exposition of the popular science of the Tudor days and of days long before—for Mr. Halliwell remarks that there is no scientific advance on what is found in a curious poem in the time of Edward I. It is an attempt to combine instruction with amusement, and has the usual fate of that undertaking. The need of a knowledge of material things as a means to the knowledge of higher matters is insisted upon in the Prologue:

"By little and little ascending,
To know God's creatures and marvellous working,
And this wise man at the last shall come to
The knowledge of God and His high majesty,
And so to learn to do his duty.
But because some folk be little disposed
To sadness, but more to mirth and sport,
This philosophical work is mixed
With merry conceits, to give men comfort."

The fundamental physical doctrines of the time are enunciated by Natura Naturata, who instructs Humanity concerning the action and indestructibility of the elements, and acquaints him with the reasons of the position of the earth and water in the midst of the world, compassed about with air and fire—"as the white about the yolk of an egg doth lie." Lest Humanity should forget what he has been taught, a tutor, Studious Desire, is left to assist him in his progress:

"The cause of things first for to learn,
And then to know and laud the high God eterne."

The tutor proves to his own and his pupil's satisfaction that the earth hangs in the midst of the firmament, because the sun and moon move round the earth, and therefore meet with no impediment from its "endless deepness":

"Therefore, in reason, it seemeth most convenient,
The earth to hang in the midst of the firmament."

These abstruse studies are interrupted by Sensual Desire, who is not of Sir Toby's opinion that our life consists of the four elements, but of Sir Andrew's, that it "rather consists in eating and drinking." Humanity confesses that he is hungry, and that his "wits are weary." A Taverner, who has his good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*, appears to refresh Humanity and the audience with some of the promised "conceits." Humanity now withdrawing from the inquisition of final causes to more material enjoyment, Studious Desire receives a lesson in geography from a traveller, Experience. The stranger, after some notice of the lands "found westward within these twenty years," and of the idolatry therein prevailing, is interrupted in a description of the realm of the "Can of Catwe" by the return of Humanity from the tavern, bent on obtaining satisfaction on the question of the earth's

rotundity. Experience undertakes the solution of his doubts, and after a hiatus of eight leaves we find Ignorance in possession of the stage, for whose delight and that of Humanity Sensual Desire arranges a song and dance—a “break-down” of the period. Natura returns and rebukes Humanity for his folly, but the lecture and the piece end abruptly—the concluding leaves being lost.

Of the moralities here given, the best is unquestionably that of *Everyman*. Its editor, Hawkins, says that its design is “to inculcate great reverence for old Mother Church and her Popish superstitions,” but with truer insight Percy (of the *Reliques*) remarks that “this old simple drama is constructed on the severest model of the Greek tragedy. Everyman is summoned to go on a journey whence is no return, in order to give an account of his life ‘to God’s magnificence.’ He is deserted by Fellowship, Goods, and Kindred, and not until he is brought by Knowledge to Confession is Good Deeds (who had been paralysed until Everyman had done penance) able to become his companion. He summons his friends Discretion, Strength, Five Wits, and Beauty. They advise him to receive the last sacraments, which he has no sooner done than they also prepare to depart, leaving Good Deeds only to stay with him. Everyman dies, and an angel having rejoiced over his goodly ending, a Doctor points the obvious moral.” It is not merely “in the conduct of the fable” that this quaint piece merits the tribute Percy pays it. The consistency of the tone, and the rugged pathos that knows no touch of sentiment, preserve our interest in the action, notwithstanding the merely allegorical personages who sustain it. Everyman himself is more than an emblem. He is an individual instance of mortality. His death on the stage (noticed by Percy as a breach of tragic rules) powerfully assists this effect, and is indeed a stroke of real art. He might have gone his journey, and the conditions of the allegory would have been satisfied; but this figurative rendering of his death would not have stirred our sympathies as does this blending of fact with symbol.

The *Child and the World* treats of a kindred theme—the late repentance of one whose childhood, youth, and manhood have been devoted to the “prince of power and plenty,” Mundus. When the hero has attained knighthood, and is named Manhood Mighty, Conscience comes to him unbidden, and warns him against the Kings (the seven deadly sins) to whose service Mundus had bound him. The Knight determines to serve Conscience and Mundus, and so make the best of both worlds. In this mood he is found by Folly, who renames him Shame, and persuades him to go to London, to “learn revel.” He re-enters soon after as Age—having lost health, wealth, and character. In despair, he calls on Death “to end his woe and care,” when he is met by Perseverance, the brother of Conscience. He is again re-named Repentance, and duly instructed in the Creed. Perseverance then takes leave of the audience with a prayer—the usual conclusion of these moralities.

Hickscorner is a far inferior production. The hero is a reprobate whose companions, Imagination and Freewill, are as dissolute

as himself. They are met by Pity, whom they put in the stocks for remonstrating with them on their immoralities. Pity is released by Perseverance and Contemplation, who descend, as holy men have always done, on the peculiar enormities of now-a-days—“worse was it never”—and who, on the return of the revellers, effect their conversion. The poverty of the dialogue is at once shown when any play of motive is necessary. The rogues repent, as it were, in a stage direction. Freewill, who has been suddenly wrenched from his evil courses, warns his fellow-sinner—

“ Beware, for when thou art buried in the ground,
Few friends for thee will be found :
Remember this still.
Nothing I dread so sore as death,
Therefore to amend I think it be time ;
Sin have I used all the days of my breath,
And spent amiss my five wits ; therefore I am sorry.
Here of all my sins I axe God mercy.”

God’s Promises, by John Bale, Bishop of Ossory (the bitter controversialist known as Biliois Bale), is the longest of these moralities. Its seven acts are colloquies between Pater Coelestis and Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, David, Isaiah, and John the Baptist. The main theme of each is the promise of the Messiah, but the leading incidents of the personal history of each worthy are worked into the dialogue. It is poor in conception and poorly carried out. The writer abruptly changes from conventional severity to colloquial familiarity. He certainly could not have intended that David should fence cautiously with his Divine interrogator, but from sheer want of imagination he has represented him as assuming ignorance, making no more admissions than he can help, and measuring out his general expressions of contrition with a discreet and wary economy.

“ Pater Coelestis. David my servant, somewhat I must say to thee,
For that thou lately hast wrought such vanity.”

David Rex Pius. Spare not, blessed Lord, but say thy pleasure to me.

Pater C. Of late days thou hast misused Beer-sheba,
The wife of Uriah, and slain him in the field.

David. Mercy, Lord, mercy, for doubtless I am defiled.

Pater C. I constituted thee a king over Israel,
And thee preserved from Saul, which was thy enemy—

Why hast thou then wrought such folly in my sight,
Despising my word against all godly right?

David. I have sinned, Lord ; I beseech thee pardon me.

Pater C. Thou shalt not die, David, for this thy iniquity,
For thy repentance ;
From thy house for this the sword shall not depart.

David. I am sorry, Lord, from the bottom of my heart.

Pater C. To further anger thou dost me yet compel.

David. For what matter, Lord ? I beseech thy goodness tell.

Pater C. Why didst thou number the people of Israel ?
Supposest in thy mind therein thou hast done well ?

David. I cannot say nay, but I have done indiscrately
To forget thy grace for a human policy.

Pater C. Though thy sins be great, thy inward heart’s contrition
Doth move my stomach in wonderful condition.”

It is singular that a man who was so steadily attached to the old religion as to die in exile for its sake, should have so unspareingly attacked its most popular exponents—the pardoners and the friars. Heywood, in the first of his interludes here printed, exhibits the contention between a friar, anxious to preach a charity sermon on voluntary poverty for the good of his convent, and a pardoner who, with his relics and indulgences, takes up his position in the same church, and tries to outbawl his rival. From words they come to blows, and are parted by the parson and neighbour Prat. The champions of order attempt to put them in the stocks, but they make good their escape after a struggle, leaving Prat and the parson, with broken heads, to shout curses after them.

The dialogue of the *Four PP*—a palmer, a pardoner, a ‘pothecary, and a pedlar—is equally daring. The palmer—a great traveller, who has seen Noah’s Ark “on the hills of Armenia”—trusts to obtain salvation by his meritorious pilgrimages. The pardoner vaunts the possession of a shorter road to heaven. The ‘pothecary, proud of the many divorces he has effected between soul and body, boasts himself superior to either. They agree to unite in their efforts for the spiritual good of mankind, but fall out upon the question which shall command the other two. The pedlar, as umpire, will only decide by the test of superiority in the art of lying, wherein they all excel. The prize liar is the palmer, who declares that in all his travels he never saw a woman out of patience. The others refuse to abide by their bargain, from which he releases them. The pedlar leads the dialogue to an orthodox ending by rebuking the sceptical ‘pothecary for “railing here openly at pardons and relics so rudely,” while allowing him to treat with contempt such relics as he knows false.

“ But where ye doubt, the truth not knowing,
Believing the best, good may be growing—
In judging the best, no harm at the least :
In judging the worst, no good at the best.”

The anonymous *Thersites* is a comic scene, displaying the braggart humour of the hero, who defies the world, fights a snail, and finally runs from a soldier whom he has challenged. The fun is of the coarsest and most puerile kind, when its place is not supplied by a jingle of gibberish as in the long charm against worms, recited by the mother of Thersites over young Telemachus, and occupying nearly half the piece. Among familiar phrases of a higher antiquity than that we should be apt to assign them, is “a sure card” occurring in this interlude, where is found also Bromwicham (Brumagem).

In such rude essays we see the puny efforts of the art which, within a century from the date of the earliest piece in this volume, was to reach “the height of its compass.” From

Thersites to Falstaff, from Celestine (the go-between in the insipid *Calisto and Meliboea*) to Quickly, is the interval from infantine babbling to winged words of perfect utterance. The subsequent volumes of the series will help us to follow the development stage by stage.

R. C. BROWNE.

The Oxford Methodists. By Rev. L. Tyerman. (London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1873.)

The eighteenth century in England has undoubtedly a bad reputation. Even Buckle, who styles it "that great age," censures in unmeasured terms its political degeneracy; while nearly all contemporary observers—the theologians from Butler to Wilberforce, the philosophers from Leibnitz to Wilberforce, the satirists from Pope to Cowper—were unanimous in denouncing its venality, recklessness, and licentiousness. It is precisely at such times that experience teaches us to look for some notable reaction. The Benedictine movement in the ninth century, that of the Franciscans and Dominicans in the thirteenth, Savonarola at Florence and Luther at Wittenberg, each represented the inevitable recoil from the startling immorality of their age. And so in the year 1729, when the eighteenth century was at about its darkest, we find meeting in each other's rooms at Oxford a Mr. John Wesley, of Lincoln College; a Mr. Charles Wesley, student of Christchurch; a Mr. Morgan, commoner of Christchurch; and a Mr. Kirkham, of Merton College, for the purpose of reading together the Greek Testament.

Oxford at that time was pretty much what it was a quarter of a century later, when Gibbon described the conversation of the Fellows of his college as "a round of Tory politics, personal anecdotes, and private scandal;" that is to say, the mental atmosphere was not simply unintellectual, but positively hostile to learning and earnest thought; and under the auspices of indolent college tutors, and amid the frivolity of the students, the youthful enthusiasm of the historian languished, to revive again in his dull chamber and ascetic life as the pupil of Pavilliard at Lausanne.

In the movement here described by Mr. Tyerman, we have all the characteristics which distinguish a genuine from a spurious enthusiasm, and it is interesting to observe the general resemblance of these young Oxford students to the Cambridge Reformers of two centuries before. Clayton and the Wesleys, like Bilney, Barnes, and Latimer, were the centre of a little society, meeting at first in an unobtrusive way for study and converse, gathering from thence new rules of life and new conceptions of duty to their fellow-men, practising a rigid self-denial for the purposes of charity, visiting the sick and the prisoners, and finally proclaiming their doctrines from the pulpit with a fervour of conviction and a boldness of denunciation unsurpassed by the most zealous Dominican in the age of Grosseteste. It is remarkable, however, in comparing the two movements, that—after Protestantism had reigned with but little interruption for nearly two hundred years—we find among these early Oxford Methodists by far the larger amount of sympathy with the theories and practice of

Romanism. Mr. Tyerman himself observes that, up to the time of their "dispersion" from Oxford, they were all Church of England *Ritualists*. Their extreme asceticism, indeed, was at one time near bringing the whole party into disrepute, especially after one of their number (Morgan) died in a fit of frenzy, and popular rumour attributed his loss of reason and life to his rigorous fasting. Some, again, were violent Jacobites. Clayton, whom Mr. Tyerman styles "the Jacobite Churchman," fell on his knees before Charles Edward Stewart, when the latter was on his march through Salford, and invoked the Divine blessing on his enterprise; and Dr. Deacon, the nonjuror, and "Wesley's chosen counsellor," was fated to see the head of his own son exposed as that of a traitor on the Exchange at Manchester. At last, however, Wesley took to preaching in the open air, and this flagrant departure from discipline was more than Clayton could tolerate, and the two separated, never, it would seem, to meet again in friendly intercourse.

The account of Clayton is succeeded by that of Ingham, "the Yorkshire Evangelist," John Wesley's companion to Georgia, but who afterwards deserted him for a time to join the Moravians. Ingham married the Lady Maria Hastings, sister-in-law to the celebrated Countess of Huntingdon. The Countess, as is well known, was a convert to Whitefield's doctrines, and was consequently Calvinistic in her belief, while the teaching of Wesley was distinctly Arminian. Ingham, in the latter part of his career, after having long enjoyed the latitude of Dissent, was destined in turn to suffer from its licence. The rise and spread of the doctrines of Sandeman in Scotland induced him to send two of his "fellow-helpers" to learn from a personal conference the precise character of the new teaching. Sandeman, who regarded Wesley as "one of the most virulent reproachers of God that this island had produced," completely converted the deputies to his own views, and they returned hopeless perverts from Inghamism. This "horrid blast from the North," as it was characterised by Romaine, Ingham's personal friend, proved well-nigh fatal to the cause. Of some "eighty flourishing churches" in Yorkshire, only thirteen remained faithful, and Ingham himself, to use Mr. Tyerman's own words, "never afterwards recovered from the effects."

Passing by the short account of Gambold, we come to that of Hervey, "the Literary Parish Priest," the author of *Theron and Aspasia*, whose pious sentiments and ornate but somewhat emasculate prose gained such extensive popularity with the religious public of fifty years ago, though we were scarcely prepared for the statement that "few are greater favourites at the present day." It slightly jars on nineteenth-century notions to find the author of *Meditations among the Tombs*—who was undoubtedly a pious, amiable, and accomplished clergyman—presenting Whitefield with 30*l.* for "the purchase of a negro;" a transaction which his kindly expressions with reference to "the precious soul of the poor slave," do not seem very much to mend. It is to be observed that Hervey, though eminently a conscientious man, died the incumbent of a church

living, and it is consequently at least questionable whether, notwithstanding his active sympathy with the Methodists, he is justly to be classed with them. As it is, his life, occupying nearly a third of the volume, has materially assisted the compiler in making a book.

Mr. Tyerman appears to have been at much pains in collecting his materials, and his treatment, criticisms, and inferences will probably commend themselves to that large circle of readers to whom they are especially addressed. Few indeed will be disposed to deny the unselfishness, the heroism, and high character of those whose lives are here set forth; but as one notes how systematically they wrangled and quarrelled among themselves, how Clayton renounced all part and lot with Wesley, how Wesley and Whitefield started on divergent paths of doctrine, how Sandeman denounced Wesley, and Wesley attacked Hervey, while more than one went over to the Moravians, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that something more is needed than simple honesty of purpose and an ill-regulated enthusiasm in those who profess to be the guides of others in doctrinal belief.

J. BASS MULLINGER.

The Alps of Arabia: Travels in Egypt, Sinai, Arabia, and the Holy Land. By William Charles Maughan. (London: King and Co.)

THE first seventy pages of this well-printed volume are taken up with the author's experience of Egypt, including a short stay at Cairo, and a steam trip up the Nile as far as the first cataract. "The sights of Cairo," as the writer admits, "are so familiar to the readers of the numerous volumes of Eastern travels," that one is not surprised at his failing to contribute an iota of additional information to the existing stock of knowledge respecting the Egyptian capital and its environs. The bazaars and native costumes, camels, donkeys, and donkey-boys, are described as they have been described times without number before, and the remarks on the mosques and pyramids are equally trite and common-place. The Shobra Gardens, however, "surrounding the palace which a former Viceroy erected to minister to his unholy pleasures," supply a theme for a little word-painting:—

"Cool divans and downy seats invite the wanderer, languid with the heavy balmy atmosphere, to recline awhile and listen to the faint music of the wavelets as they kiss the marble lips which would fain woo them to repose. 'Ah, what a spot!' observes the moralist, 'what a wretched bauble for which to barter away life's glorious career and the soul's immortal destiny! who can wonder at the master of such a palace passing a feeble and unhonoured life in miserable bondage to his passions and senses!'"

This is scarcely complimentary to the Khedive, who also owns "the really handsome Gezeerah palace on the river's bank near Boulac," close to which are "the mysterious regions of the *hareem*; and woe be to the intruder who dares to set foot in them." The "enlightened ruler" of Egypt is also responsible for having introduced the opera and horse-races, "which, however much their frequenters may laud them to the skies, have

hitherto proved anything but conducive to pureness of morals." Mr. Maughan does not say whether he was among the audience at the former, but he tells us that—

"For something like ten francs, anyone, if so disposed, may hear the graceful music of Verdi warbled forth by *artistes* of acknowledged European reputation, the *blâst habitué* of the opera may refresh his memory with renewed illustrations of the passionate woe breathed forth in 'Ah, che la morte,' or the pathetic upbraiding of Signor Graziani in 'Il balen.'" As to the races, "all the features of an English racecourse, except the indescribable air of wickedness and blackguardism which is inseparable from such meetings, were conspicuous by their absence;" nevertheless, "the whole affair was wofully dull, hopelessly out of place, and of little advantage to anyone except the donkey-boys and hackney-coach proprietors."

The trip to the first cataract and back was performed in twenty days. Mr. Maughan gives some sensible advice respecting the proper outfit for a tourist, together with a detailed account of the steamer and its passengers; but we have looked in vain through his narrative of the excursion for any new light thrown on the past or present of this portion of the Nile-land. Still, the narrative is pleasantly told, and many of the reflections—apparently the outcome of a devout mind—are apposite and suggestive. We must make an exception, however, against the puerile quotation from Gray's Elegy, "Can storied urn?" applied to the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes.

On the 16th of February our author and his two companions set off "on the track of the Israelites to Sinai," passing "Ain Hawarah, the supposed fountain of Marah," the "Wady Ghûrundul, the Elim of the Bible," the "Wady Mokatteb, the strange 'Written Valley,'" the Wady Fairan, and Mount Serbâl, on their way to "the Sacred Mountain and its Convent." It was on the journey from the latter locality towards the Gulf of Akabah, and after reaching the top of the ridge forming the watershed between the two gulfs bounding the Sinaitic peninsula, that they had a distant view of "the huge form of Um Shaumer, styled by Stanley the 'Mont Blanc' of those parts." Whether the "cautious Dean" has ever ventured to style this mountainous region "the Alps of Arabia," is questionable; but, after all, there is something in a name, and if not happy, the title which Mr. Maughan has given to his book is certainly *taking*, and it is but fair to give his *rationale* for adopting it:—

"Resembling the desolate magnificence of Alpine fastnesses, without their clothing of dark green pines or snowy summits, these inaccessible heights had a grandeur peculiar to themselves. There was an utter and overpowering stillness here which cast a spell upon the senses. No roar of falling torrent, or crash of avalanche, re-echoed from crag to crag—hushed and death-like were the dark recesses of the valley. Even the harsh scream of the eagle was absent, though those inaccessible peaks might well be his home. No doubt there are times when the awful voice of the tempest thunders amidst those far-off peaks, but now a quivering fleecy mist alone hung lightly on their rent sides."

After four days' stay at Akabah, the travellers took the eastern route to Petra by the Wady Ithm, and thence to Hebron. The descriptions given in this part of the book, although avowedly "mere sketches,"

and containing little or no fresh information respecting "the Children of the Desert," the country traversed, or the marvellous ruins of ancient Edom, are nevertheless decidedly graphic, and, interspersed as they are with appropriate Biblical and other historical references, fill nearly a hundred pages of charming reading, which we doubt not will afford instruction as well as pleasure, especially to those who have not perused the more exhaustive works of Laborde and Robinson, Irby and Mangles, Dr. Robinson, Miss Martineau, and Dean Stanley. We are disposed to go even further in our applause of this portion of Mr. Maughan's narrative, and to say that few will read it without profit; and that though not professedly a guide-book, the detailed account of his journey through Petra will be of great value to all future travellers by that route.

On the author's trip from Hebron to Jerusalem, and from thence to Damascus, Baalbec, and Beyrouth, we have little to remark, simply because his account of it contains nothing that is remarkable—nothing, in fact, that has not been said over and over again. Still there is often a pious thoughtfulness in his observations respecting the Holy Land, untinged either with bigotry or superstition, which will prove attractive to many, owing to the striking contrast which it exhibits to the flippancy of rationalistic writers on Palestine on the one hand, and the morbid sensationalism of religionists on the other. In this respect we have too few travellers of Mr. Maughan's stamp. G. BADGER.

Master-Spirits. By Robert Buchanan. (H. S. King & Co.)

MR. BUCHANAN is one of the most formidable beings that await the critic in his path through life. He sits, spider-like, in the den of his own individuality—a den he has himself hewn out by the side of the highway of literature; and though, like Giant Pope, he has grown so crazy and stiff in his joints that he can do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, yet still he grins at pilgrims as they go by, and bites his nails because he cannot come at them. This new book of his is little more than a series of infirm grins at the critics that misapprehend him, at the worn-out leprous world that does not read his books, and at the slavish wretched writers that do succeed in being read. We are, personally, exceedingly well disposed towards Mr. Robert Buchanan; we have always regarded him as quite a gifted person in certain ways, and accordingly we have been afflicted, in reading *Master-Spirits*, to notice what an instrument this book will undoubtedly be in the hands of those ill-affected people that do not like Mr. Buchanan. For ourselves, we hardly know how to proceed; thistles are so tall and so prickly around the den of Giant Pope, and the very air, like that about the grave of Archilochos, is so full of hellebore and the poison of wasp-stings, that a single step will embarrass us. The opening chapter of the book is intended to chastise and correct us at the outset. It is entitled "Criticism as one of the Fine Arts," and is so excessively inartistic, so languid, so commonplace, so diffuse, that it may be considered as showing on a small scale the

internal anatomy of Mr. Buchanan's mind, a mind gifted with some perception of the features of nature, some slight knowledge of men and books, and a profound ignorance of itself. That a book which consists of a string of unconnected, desultory, and prejudiced essays in infantile criticism should open with an article whose very aim is to show that criticism must be unbiased, artistic in form, complete, adult, is a curious fact in the intellectual development of the writer.

We shall not take the reader very carefully through the book. Having been doomed ourselves to its slow and complete perusal, we feel, in looking back, that to urge the task on others would be inhuman. Briefly, then, the second essay is a sort of fairy tale about Dickens, a spasmodic effort to say something startling about a writer, whom, being dead, Mr. Buchanan is willing to praise. It is not exactly stupid, it is not exactly clever, and Mr. Buchanan is never quite dull, but it is simply unimportant. The next—on Tennyson, De Musset, and Heine—is worse than unimportant; it is positively shallow and misleading, being solely occupied with the laudable design of showing that De Musset was a sensualist and Heine a mocker, while Tennyson is the pure and spotless flower of the chivalry of English poetry. Very good; no doubt this is the first and most obvious side on which the three great lyrists display themselves; but we have had, unfortunately, the valuable distinction pointed out before, penny-readings have rung with it, debating societies have prosed over it, and Mr. Buchanan need not have taken up thirty-five pages in telling us anything so excessively trite.

As the author is so desultory, perhaps we may be excused for making a digression. It was just at this point in our reading that we hit upon a new idea, and we cannot refrain from taking our readers into our confidence about it. It is our profound conviction that Mr. Buchanan is looking out for the poet-laureateship. We cannot sketch his attitude of mind, as it seems to reveal itself, in any politer form. We have had two Laureates who have uttered nothing base; one still walks among us, and may he do so for many decades yet! But Mr. Buchanan undoubtedly feels that it is as well to be ready for any emergency, and in lieu of the two terse lines of delicate eulogy which sufficed Tennyson in speaking of his dead predecessor, we have many pages of Mr. Buchanan's rather open flattery of his own still-living predecessor. It is wonderful that Mr. Buchanan, who is, we repeat, really a gifted person, should not have perceived that to pay so very many and so very heavily-perfumed compliments to Mr. Tennyson was to overact his deftly-chosen rôle. If Mr. Buchanan is to be the next Poet-Laureate, well and good; we need not moot the advisability of doing away with the office till the time comes. In the meanwhile the man who warmly praises none of his contemporaries should beware of making the present office-bearer his sole exception.

By far the best part of the book is a series of Scandinavian studies, the first on Danish poets; the second, much better done, on the Old Danish Ballads, with translations,

which would have been quite excellent but for the characteristic omission of any reference to Dr. Prior's labours in the same direction; the third, on Björnstjerne Björnson's great trilogy of *Sigurd Slembe*, is the best paper in the book, eloquently and sympathetically written, and illustrated with exceedingly fine translations. With Mr. Buchanan's judgment of Björnson's position in the literature of the North we do not quite coincide. It has always seemed to us that Ibsen is *facile princeps* among living Scandinavians. The fourth of these studies, on Danish ballad-romances, is not quite so well done.

The volume winds up with two chapters on two obscure British poets. Concerning the first, George Heath, after reading his writings and his deeply-pathetic diary, we find ourselves full of tender regret for the poor dying lad, crossed in love, broken in body, and wrapped round with dreariness and discomfort. It would have been sweet to amuse and comfort him; but now that he is dead, it is vain to try to persuade us that his verses had any real merit, save that of genuine desire after musical expression. They are much worse than David Gray's, of whom, by the way, we are told that he possessed "supreme poetic workmanship and a marvellous lyrical faculty," qualities that the author attempts to prove by quoting these words of Gray's:—

"In the distance calling,
The cuckoo answers, with a sovereign sound."

Mr. Buchanan has evidently forgotten that a certain William Wordsworth wrote—

"And the cuckoo's sovereign cry
Fills all the hollow of the sky."

As a matter of fact the *Luggie* was a work of much less promise than *Undertones*. Personal bias may easily be pushed too far in either direction. The other obscure poet is even less known, but far more worthy. It was a positive delight to us to read something about the man who invented our old friend Willie Winkie, that *enfant terrible* who "rattles in an iron jug, wi' an iron spoon." Everybody has enjoyed Willie Winkie, but how many people know that his creator was a certain W. Miller, whose poems, as here largely quoted, seem to be all of the same tenderly humorous class? It is with something akin to remorse that we learn that this poet has lately died, in extreme penury, at Glasgow.

The end of Mr. Buchanan's book has almost made us forget the sins of the beginning, and we would lay down his critical motley as good-humouredly as possible. But there are certain things in the book that it is difficult to forgive, and some things that one can hardly understand the publication of. Surely Mr. Buchanan's publisher cannot be aware of all that *Master-Spirits* contains. He would undoubtedly have remonstrated against the indecency of talking of *Balaustion's Adventure* as a "mixing up of Euripides and water into a diluted tipple for groggy schoolmasters," and of an attack on Mr. Carlyle which charges him with the possession of "a heart so obtuse as never, in the long course of sixty years, to have felt one single pang for the distresses of man." Such writing is not "criticism treated as one of the Fine Arts."

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

Jupiter's Daughters. By Mrs. Charles Jenkins. (Smith & Elder. 1874.)

Broken Bonds. By Hawley Smart. (Hurst & Blackett. 1874.)

Twist Cup and Lip. By Mary Lovett-Cameron. (S. Tinsley. 1874.)

Thorpe Regis. By the Author of the *Rose Garden*. (Smith & Elder. 1874.)

Good titles are scarce, but the author of *Jupiter's Daughters* might easily have found a more appropriate one for a tale so charming, or rather for a tale with so charming a heroine. The scene is laid in St. Glos, a provincial French town, as dull as St. Ogg's, or the cities where Emma Bovary was so unhappy, and Balzac's *vieille fille* so unfortunate. But none of the characters in *Jupiter's Daughters* break the stillness and the decalogue in so passionate a way as the women of Balzac and Flaubert. Yet the materials for an explosion are not wanting. There is a girl, Pauline Rendu, who is "unlike other girls," and has to try "not to be for ever indignant," in a home where conversation resembles nothing so much as a page from the *Matrimonial News*. The interest of the story centres in her relations with Vilpont, a playwright of good family, like Gerfant in Charles de Bernard's novel of that name. Vilpont is not uninteresting, but he is too much of an English lady's idea of a French poet, too much George Warrington under other skies. It is a pretty incident where Vilpont's eyes are described as filling with tears, when for once he goes to church with Pauline and her family, and the girl notices, and "in a second she had deified this man of the world." And the adventure in the storm is well told, though here, as indeed throughout, the "business," if we may use the term, is too obvious. Still a storm is better than a bull if heroines must be in danger and heroes must be intrepid. After Pauline's marriage, the story gets into regions which "they order better in France." The author's moralising on English and French views of matrimony, and of the education of girls, come to little more than the trite doctrine, that if one is to be unhappy, it is pleasantest to be allowed to choose one's own way of misery. The war comes in almost too opportunely; a good incident, that of Zélie's attempt at murder, is spoiled by careless handling; and the reader concludes with the feeling that Pauline is a "star" who outshines a second-rate company and rather old properties. For the reason why the tale is called *Jupiter's Daughters*, the inquirer must be referred to a well-known passage in the ninth book of the *Iliad*.

Broken Bonds is a lively enough novel in Mr. Whyte Melville's lighter manner. There is less moralising, less reference to the author's salad days and to the classical dictionary, but there is also less adventure. Mr. Whyte Melville, too, would have made his heroines really *piquantes*, but the ladies described by Mr. Hawley Smart are, with the best intentions, only *agréantes*. We like the dark one best. The fair girl never quite recovers the reader's esteem after her "love-passage" with the first villain, Mr. Rolf Laroom. Mr. Laroom was Miss Rose Fielding's guardian's partner. When Miss Field-

ing insisted on flirting with him, and ultimately on feeding him with strawberries, he kissed her. Thereon ensued what might better be called a "spirited rally," or a "lively set-to," than a "love-passage." The delicate girl "smote him with clenched fist in the face, with great force;" thus, as we afterwards learn, drawing first blood, but severely damaging her knuckles. "One of her many rings was broken, and two of her delicate fingers severely cut." Now later in the story Mr. Dainty Ellerton, a person of much refinement, says, in speaking of his mother, that "the dear old Mum can take a facer." Mr. Laroom could not take a facer: he brooded over his defeat in a spirit unworthy of the English sportsman. He determined to marry Miss Fielding and tame her proud spirit, and incidentally to ruin her family. He only succeeded in getting another of her admirers imprisoned in Portland, and the rest of the tale is taken up with the account of the efforts made to get him out. It is difficult to make an escape from prison uninteresting, but Mr. Hawley Smart, even with the aid of a chart, fails to excite his readers like Dumas or Mr. Charles Read. The novel ends "badly," as most novel readers will think, for the dark heroine is drowned, and the pugilistic heroine marries Dainty Ellerton, whose courage and strength indeed the author cannot too highly extol. The comic characters are dreary, but the book, on the whole, is readable somehow, and, after all, that is the main point. Readableness is like charm, or distinction, or amiability; it defies analysis, and marks off Mr. Hawley Smart's least successful work from such poor stuff as the next book on our list.

From Cup to Lip is the story of a most uninteresting maiden. The best we can say for Fancy Darrel is that she liked Chippendale's chairs; the worst, that she admired Auerbach's *Auf der Höhe*. She married Launcelot Darrel, though she did not care for him. He left her on her wedding day, not alleging "private business in Kamtschatka," like the hero of the *Rover*; but the death of his sister, and the illness of his father. When he did not come back, Fancy did not care, and amused herself with Harry Daventry. On her husband's sudden return from Australia, she said, "How lucky I did not go into the drawing-room: so awkward with Harry there, too." It was awkward, as she was married to Mr. Darrel and engaged to Harry. That gentleman had the good taste to die just when the relations of all parties were getting strained, and Fancy returned to her *premier amour*. They inspected Harry's grave, as is in these cases made and provided, and, after her stormy youth, Fancy "landed at a quiet haven wherein to rest." The "fiery trials of the past were never forgotten," and it was Fancy's delight to think that they would all one day be united within the "golden gates." If they had all been as easy-going as Fancy, one cannot help thinking that they might have lived fairly comfortably on this side the golden gates, wherever they may be.

Thorpe Regis is another proof, if one were wanted, of the rarity of that genius which Scott admired so much in Miss Austen, and

which delights us now in the works of Miss Thackeray. "The exquisite touch," as Scott calls it, "which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting, the wonderful talent for describing the involvements and feelings of ordinary life," is what the author of *Thorpe Regis* just fails to reach. It is no great reproach not to attain to the highest merit, and it is a pity to have to point out the failure in work that is all so careful, so honest, and refined. Yet it must be said that, while involvements abound in this novel, while characters of the most carefully commonplace sort are liberally introduced, while scenery is described with exquisite feeling and charm, there is yet an absence of power and of firmness. And thus the tale fails to captivate and absorb the reader, who is but moderately excited even by the perplexities of Winifred, who is as much the best figure here as Pauline is in the first novel on our list. Perhaps we feel too sure that the author will not leave her always unfortunate, too certain that the mystery of the undelivered letter will be explained, and the honest, though most irritating, hero restored to the good opinion of his neighbours. As a fair specimen of the sentiment of *Thorpe Regis*, we may quote the description of Winifred's melancholy walk through the fields:—

"The day was delicately bright and hot. Across a pale moon that looked herself no more than a stationary cloud, little wilful vapours, which had broken away from larger masses, were sailing. Red cattle, satisfied with their rich flowery pastures, had gathered under the hedges to chew the cud, and sleepily whisk away the flies. . . . There were cool, flashing lights and tender depths of colour, and a sweet content over everything; and poor Winifred growing sadder and sadder with the sense of contrast, yet walking more slowly and looking wistfully at the long grass, with a vague longing to lie down in it, and let everything go by and away for ever."

If she has not quite succeeded, the author of *Thorpe Regis* has at least been constant in her aim and unsparing in her carefulness. To be more than this is "the gift of Fortune."

A. LANG.

THE MAGAZINES.

In the *Quarterly Review*, besides a long article on Winckelmann, based on Justi's work, the only papers of literary interest are a review of Mrs. Somerville's *Autobiography*, which adds some interesting traits from personal recollection; one of Mérimée's *Lettres à une Inconnue*, taking a rather insular view of the writer, and resenting his defective appreciation of English and Scotch hospitality; and one, which does not profess to add anything to the works themselves, of Mr. Ralston's *Russian Songs and Folk Tales*.

The *Fortnightly* contains *inter alia* an article on "Renan and France," by Mazzini, interesting as the last words written for publication before his death, criticising the doctrine of the French Revolution as the theory of Rights or Interests, and censuring Renan for not attempting to substitute a sounder philosophy of duties, instead of sanctioning the aristocratic distinction between truth known to the educated and useful errors believed by the many; an account of Belli's sonnets in the Roman dialect; a disquisition on Mr. Tennyson's social philosophy, by Lionel A. Tollemache, who rather unfairly measures the laureate's reforming zeal by the ideas current now, instead of by those current a quarter of a century ago, when some of his poems were almost too strong

meat for the general public; and an instructive paper by Mr. T. E. Cliffe Leslie, on the Incidence of Taxation on the Working Classes, from which the most obvious inference is that nothing but a special arrangement for taxing wealth will prevent taxation from falling most heavily in proportion upon the masses.

The *Cornhill Magazine* begins with the second number of "Far from the Madding Crowd," which—by way of illustration, not as reflecting on the author's originality—might be described as resembling Mr. Black's works in spirit, though the turn of several phrases shows that the writer's chief study has been George Eliot. The history of "The French Press" is continued down to the eve of the Revolution, the most interesting figure in the preceding period being one Linguet, a journalist somewhat of the Rochefort type, who was thrown into the Bastile as a clamorous reformer, though he had helped to discredit Turgot and lived to be guillotined as a Royalist in 1794. A paper on Cryptography will interest those curious in such matters, though going rather too much into detail for the general reader.

A paper on Cruelty to Animals in the same magazine should be read in connection with Dr. Michael Foster on Vivisection in *Macmillan*; for though otherwise temperately written, it condemns the infliction of any pain, except with a view to the relief of greater pain, in terms which would prohibit all disinterested scientific research, of which the results can wound the moral sensibilities of the unscientific. The late Sir George Rose is proved by a friend to have been an admirable punster, as well as an admirable reporter in impromptu verse of the legal cases in which he was engaged. "Reminiscences of Dueling in Ireland," by an Irish surgeon, who evidently regrets the good old times, are interesting as fossil remains, but the bloodthirsty morality takes one by surprise in such a serious periodical.

Blackwood has several readable papers of the ordinary magazine type: one on Madame Bagreef, the "Russian Miss Edgeworth," and her father's governorship of Siberia; an ingenious, but it is to be feared unscientific suggestion to the effect that the reason dreams so seldom prove prophetic may be that they lose their way in the dark and enter the wrong brain, which has not the key to their interpretation; an account of the school for native nobles which has been founded to let the young king of Mysore have a liberal and not too secluded education; and a review of Lord Lytton's *Fables in Song*.

Temple Bar contains some recollections of Walter Scott by Miss Ferrier, the authoress of the once popular novels *Marriage* and *Inheritance*, and the conclusion of "Chateaubriand and his Times," which is more rhetorical and less generally entertaining than most of the series to which it belongs. "Juvenal in London" is growing rather long, and his parallel situations forced and improbable, but the satire contains pointed lines—at long intervals.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke gives an "augmented summary" of his recollections of John Keats, previously communicated to Lord Houghton and the *Atlantic Monthly*; though, like Miss Ferrier, the writer has nothing absolutely new to relate, there is always something interesting about the record of personal impressions by one who "once saw Shelley plain."

We have also received *Tinsley's Magazine* (of which the staple is fiction; but one romance, "The Melancholy Minstrel," may be selected for praise, as it reminds us of "The Lady Crinoline," the first literary adventure of Charlie in "The Three Clerks"); *The Argosy*, which again is mainly fiction, but in smaller doses and of the domestic tragic kind in which the editress excels; the *Charing Cross Magazine*, *The Leisure Hour*, and the *Sunday at Home*, to which a missionary has communicated extracts from the sermons of a

native Polynesian preacher (under the title of "Old Truths in New Lights"), that are interesting from their resemblance to the quaint moralities of the *Gesta Romanorum* and mediaeval preachers in general. For instance, the proverb "Kill not your foes as Teata killed Rangai"—i.e. striking the rock in the dark by mistake for the enemy's skull—is applied as an exhortation to the faithful to be sure that they quite finish killing their sins. It is unfortunate that Protestant magazines for family reading should not be able to resist inserting exaggerated and unwholesome attacks on "Auricular Confession."

EDITH SIMCOX.

NOTES AND NEWS.

From the just-published third volume of *Population Abstracts* (Census of England and Wales, 1871), which relates to the ages, civil condition, occupations, and birth-places of the people, we may gather a few interesting statistics of the literary and artistic professions of the country. Thus we find in the London district at the time of the census-taking no less than 1,141 males entered under the head of "author, editor, journalist," 21 of whom had not then reached twenty years, while 19 had attained the patriarchal age of seventy-five and upwards. Comparing this with the similar return in 1861, we find an increase of 346 persons who acknowledge themselves indebted for their livings entirely to their pens, 795 "authors, editors, writers"—two of them, by the way, being between ten and fifteen years of age—being the earlier return under that head. Among the ladies we find 144 classing themselves as "authors, editors, and writers"—one between ten and fifteen years old, and one confessing to number at least seventy-five years. In 1861 but 110 ladies in London owned their connection with literature—two of them under twenty, and three over seventy-five years of age. Altogether, throughout England and Wales, we meet in this return with 2,148 male and 255 female authors, editors, journalists, or writers, according to their own description of themselves; a large addition to the numbers in the profession since 1861, when only 1,528 males and 145 females claim direct connection with the press.

There are 5,005 male artists, and 799 male sculptors in England and Wales, no less than 92 of the former and 16 of the latter being over seventy-five years of age. The female "painters, artists" number 1,069, of whom 10 have reached their seventy-sixth year. When the previous census was taken there were 4,637 artists, 612 sculptors, and 853 female artists. In London alone in 1871 there were 3,034 artists (598 being females) and 370 sculptors.

In the musical profession there are engaged throughout England and Wales 11,575 males and 7,056 females, upwards of 100 of whom, it is painful to notice, struggle on though long past their seventieth year. London finds a home for 3,516 male, and 2,708 female musicians. Of actors there were 723 in London, and 1890 in all England, the respective numbers in 1861 being 495 and 1311. Of actresses the total number was 1693 in 1871 against 891 in 1861, those living in London in the same years being respectively 782 and 400.

M. DOUEN, a writer well known to all who follow with any attention the literary and scientific progress of French Protestantism, who is now the agent of the Paris Bible Society, and member of the committee of the Society for the History of French Protestantism, is on the point of completing a work to which he has devoted five years of labour—*Clément Marot et le peautier Huguenot: Etude historique, littéraire, musicale et bibliographique*. M. Douen is in the habit of exhausting any subject which he takes up, and the subject which he has now selected is most interesting one, for Clément Marot is acknowledged to be one of the most original figures

of the French Reformation ; and he is likewise one of the least known in his own country, though in England Mr. H. Morley's remarkable work has called attention to his name. It is true there is in French an excellent *History of the Psalter*, published last year by M. Félix Bovet, of Neuchâtel, but M. Douen's work will cover altogether different ground. M. Bovet has completely omitted the musical portion of his subject, which will form perhaps the most original part of M. Douen's book. M. Douen, after long research, has discovered the source of a considerable number of the melodies of the French Psalter, and he will give in an appendix a number of specimens of the harmonies of Bourgeois, Thomas Champion, Philibert Jambe de Fer, Goudimel, Crassot, Delattre, Swaelinck, Stobée, and others whose works are now extremely rare.

The book will be published in two octavo volumes, and, in the opinion of the most competent judges, it will be a standard work to which it will be difficult to add hereafter.

MR. JOSEPH PAYNE (Professor of the Science and Art of Education, College of Preceptors) is about shortly to publish a recast of the paper he read in 1872 at the Plymouth Congress of the Social Science Association, and which was sharply criticised by Mr. Fitch in the *Fortnightly Review*, November 1873. The title of the new publication will be, *Why are the Results of our Primary Instruction so Unsatisfactory? The Case and the Remedy. With a Reply to Mr. Fitch's Article.*

We may predict with confidence that two things will have been swept away completely before the century is over—the old mail-coaches and the old libraries. The wonder is that buildings which date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when printing was a luxury, should have proved so elastic as to accommodate the literature of three more centuries. Our forefathers were more provident than we are. There is, however, a limit to the elasticity of stone walls and oak book-shelves ; and such has been the progress in the purely mechanical contrivances introduced into the great repositories of books during the last fifty years, that the sooner the old libraries recognise that their time is past, the better both for themselves and for those who use them. One of the best of the old libraries, that of Berlin, has lately succumbed under the blows dealt to it by Professor Mommsen. (See ACADEMY, Jan. 31.) Next to some parts of the British Museum, the best example of what a library of the nineteenth century ought to be may be seen at Munich. Compared with the old libraries, it is like one of Liebig's chemical laboratories by the side of the mediaeval kitchens of the alchymists. The work of designing such a library, and of transferring "the old wine into new bottles," is no doubt considerable. The leisurely occupation of the librarian has, in fact, been changed into real service and a science ; the principal librarian has been turned into a civil engineer. Munich has not only set the example of how to build and how to arrange a new library ; but Dr. Halm, its indefatigable librarian, has likewise shown what can be done with the smallest means to render such a library really and extensively useful. The sum spent on the Munich Library is small in comparison with the budget of any public library in England ; and it should be remembered that that library is not only a repository of books, but a lending library open to every poor student. What leads us to call attention to the Munich Library at the present moment is the publication of the catalogues of manuscripts. They are all devised on a uniform plan. Those who compile them, chiefly the under-librarians, are not allowed to indulge in their own fancies. They are told what to do and what not to do. Thus, instead of unwieldy folios, we have small octavo volumes containing all that the student really wants or has any right to expect, in a catalogue. That most unreasonable of all catalogues, the so-called *catalogue raisonné*,

is, we trust, by this time extinct, and will be replaced in future by handy catalogues, such as those published by the librarians of Munich.

The Munich library has published nine catalogues. The first appeared in 1858, *Codices manuscripti bibliothecae regiae monacensis gallici, hispanici, italicici, anglici, suecici, danici, slavici, esthni, hungarici descripti*. It describes 1369 manuscripts, many of them containing a number of separate works. Its author is Dr. Thomas. Want of funds prevented the continuation till the year 1866, when two volumes appeared, containing the catalogue of the Persian and Arabic MSS., both by Dr. Aumer. In the same year the important catalogue of the German MSS., more than 5,000 in number, was published, the materials having been prepared by Dr. Schmeller, the editorship devolving on Dr. Keinz. The next work was the *Catalogus Codicum Latinorum Bibliothecae Regiae Monacensis*, which was composed by the chief librarian, Dr. Halm, assisted by Dr. Laubmann, and afterwards by Dr. Thomas and Dr. W. Meyer. If one considers that the whole administration of the library devolves on these gentlemen, the fact that, from the year 1868 to 1874, they have completed the publication of four volumes, describing more than 1,200 Latin MSS., is indeed highly creditable, and probably unparalleled in any public library. That Dr. Halm does not rest satisfied even with such gigantic labours, is well known to classical scholars. His last work, *On the Collection of MSS. of the Camerarii and its Fates (Ueber die handschriftliche Sammlung der Camerarii und ihre Schicksale, Munich, 1874)*, is a mere *πάππυρος*, but it shows what useful work an active and intelligent librarian may perform.

THE Chevalier de Chatelain has published a prettily printed book, called *Les Dernières Lueurs d'un Flambeau qui s'éteint*. It may be doubted whether it was worth while for a *flambeau* to muster up its last remaining energies, to make such queer darkness visible. In the lurid light we faintly descry a French gentleman plunging about in prose and verse. He writes about all sorts of things, and to all sorts of people. When he addressed the editor of the *Daily News*—“inutile de dire que le *Daily News* n'a pas fait la moindre réponse.” It is equally superfluous to say that Mr. Gladstone did answer the Chevalier quite gravely. When the Chevalier, in his political ardour, calls the wife of Napoleon III. *une femelle abominable*, we can only regret that his torch does not go out, as the legendary ghost disappeared, “with a sweet perfume, and a most melodious twang.” His little work has one great interest : it proves the possibility of writing in French without even seeming to have any point, or *esprit*.

WE are glad to hear that the Council of University College have, by their Committee of Management, lent a helping hand to the New Shakspere Society, and granted it the use of the College rooms for its meetings twice a month. During its first session the Society will meet on the second and fourth Fridays of March, April (except in Easter week), May, and June, and possibly in July. The reader of the first paper at the opening meeting on March 13th will be Mr. Fleay, whose list of papers we printed last week. Of the Manchester Branch of the New Society, Mr. George Milner, of 59A, Mosley Street, has been appointed Treasurer. The Literary Society of Manchester has granted the use of a room for the meetings of the Branch Society, and a fair supply of members has been secured. The new Vice-Presidents of the Society are Professor Opzoomer of Utrecht (the best Dutch translator of Shakspere); Dr. Henry Maudsley, the head physician of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, and the author of an able essay on *Hamlet* ; Professor T. Spencer Baynes, the editor of the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and writer of the articles on certain Shakspelian words, which attracted so much attention a few years ago ; the Earl of Gosford ; and the Marquis of Lothian.

THE Director of the New Shakspere Society has persuaded Mr. Halliwell to issue at once twenty-five copies of the important documents he discovered some months since at the Record Office, showing that Shakspere held no shares in the theatres he was supposed to be part-owner of. The prints of these documents are ultimately to form part of the *Illustrations of Shakspere's Life*, which Mr. Halliwell intends to publish from time to time in Folio Parts, as he has them ready, in such order of time and subject as suits him. Part I. may be expected in five or six months. All Mr. Halliwell's Notes and Collections to illustrate the several plays of Shakspere he gave long ago to the Stratford Library, where they remain for use by any student.

IN the Danish weekly journal, *Nær og Fjern*, for Jan. 4 and 11, C. S. A. Bille gives an exhaustive and highly appreciative study of the actor, Joachim Phister, who died last year. He was the greatest of Danish comedians, and the glory of the little eclectic school of Copenhagen actors, who pride themselves, not unjustly, on the delicacy and individuality of their art. Phister's greatest successes were made in the old comedies of Holberg, the contemporary of Dryden, a really great dramatist, whose plays ought long ago to have been translated into English. During his lifetime Phister played in nearly 700 different parts. *Nær og Fjern*, certainly the best paper of its kind now published in Denmark, commences the year with a variety of bright and interesting articles. It would do well, however, to give more space to literature, pure and simple.

HERR K. A. WINTER-HJELM has brought out a collection of Norwegian lyrical poems (*Norsk Lyrik i Udvælg*. Christiania : Cammermeyer), which contains all that is important that has been published since the year of Independence. We recommend the volume to everyone who reads Norwegian, or means to learn to do so. The collection is enriched by a selection from the beautiful Folk-songs of the mountain districts.

THE poetry of the description in Ecclesiastes, ch. xii., has been, for the first time, fully brought out by the Rev. C. Taylor, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, in a little work called *The Dirge of Coheleth*. (Williams and Norgate.) He shows that the view which finds in it a description of the gradual decay of the body in old age, under the allegory of a house, cannot be maintained without violence to the text, and that the semi-literal explanation of Umbreit will suit only a small portion of the passage. According to him, it is a picture of the effects of the terror of death, or of some disastrous public event, on various classes of the community, or may have been cited from an authorised book of *Dirges*, such as were composed on the death of King Josiah, and made “an ordinance in Israel.” The notes are purely philologico-exegetical, and show a wide reading in Biblical and Arabic literature. It should be added, however, that Mr. Taylor is not so isolated as he supposes, Mr. Dale in his recent commentary (Rivingtons, 1873) having also espoused the literal interpretation.

DR. DAVIDSON's new work on *A Fresh Revision of the English Old Testament* (Williams and Norgate) contains a great number of well-arranged facts and plausible emendations, though slightly disfigured by dogmatism. It was important that such a handbook should be written, that the public may form some idea of what an honest revision of the Authorised Version ought to be.

MR. SKEAT'S Lecture on the Science of the English Language has been printed in No. 23 of the *Journal of the London Institution*, February 3, 1874.

DR. LUDWIG GEIGER, of Berlin, the biographer of Reuchlin, has just finished a new edition of Reuchlin's letters, which will be sent to press at once. The collection contains fifty unpublished letters, besides a revised text of those which are already known.

OUR Shakspere readers will be glad to learn that the German *Shakespear-Museum, Zeitschrift für Geschichte und Pflege des Shakespear-Studiums und Shakespear-Cultus: Organ für Frage und Antwort, für Rede und Gegenrede in Shakespear-Sachen*, edited by Max Moltke, still flourishes at Leipzig. The yearly subscription for twenty-four numbers is 12 marks, or 4 thalers, cost of a single number 60 pfennigs.

We are glad to announce that the Queen, on the recommendation of the Lord Chamberlain, has been pleased to allow the Records of the Lord Chamberlain's Department to be transferred to the Public Record Office; and thus a little known source of historical information will shortly be open to public inspection. The removal took place the week before last, and when a proper arrangement of the various documents has been made, every facility, we believe, will be afforded for the consultation of, at any rate, the earlier portions of them. Beyond the very full particulars which these records must of necessity supply regarding all public ceremonials for some centuries past, it is difficult at present to form an adequate idea of the nature of their contents. We are able, however, to state that the earliest volume of the series contains very curious matter about the coronations of Henry IV. and Richard III.; and that among the names of ladies to whom robes were presented on the occasion of the former ceremony appears that of Agnes Chaucer, whose connection with the poet has yet to be traced.

THE *Diritto* of January 31 contained an official order for the sale by public auction of the Roman castle Astura, which was designated as *roba inutile e spregevole*. In consequence, however, of the earnest appeal of Dr. Ferdinand Gregorovius, the Italian Crown Prince has interfered to save this interesting historical relic, which is to be preserved as a national monument. For Germans this spot has a specially tragical interest, since it was the scene of the capture of the Swabian prince, Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen, when escaping from the disastrous battle of Tagliacozzo, and of his betrayal by Giovanni Frangipani to his vindictive rival, Charles of Anjou. It was from the dungeon of Astura that this ill-fated young prince was carried direct to Naples to perish on the scaffold.

MESSRS. SANDOZ AND FISCHBACHER (33 rue de Seine, Paris) are about to publish by subscription an important and curious work from the pen of M. Gaullier, keeper of the archives to the town of Bordeaux. The subject is the history of the College of Guyenne, an institution of great importance in the sixteenth century, with a well-earned reputation abroad as well as in France. Montaigne called it "one of the most flourishing colleges and the best in France;" and it numbered at one time as many as 2,400 members. M. Gaullier has principally followed unpublished documents, for the collection of which his official post has given him special facilities. He is thus enabled to print *in extenso* the deeds relating to the foundation of the College, which were believed to be lost.

From more than one point of view, the work is of interest for the history of Protestantism, which at one time had great influence in the College of Guyenne; and it possesses some interest for England, but especially for Scotland, which furnished the College with a considerable number of professors and students. Among the names which figure in the book, we may mention George and Patrick Buchanan, Scot, William Fergusson, Robert Balfour, Thomas Barclay, Thaddeus Mahony, and J. Gorman. The work forms a handsome octavo volume of 600 pages, and its price to subscribers will be 10 francs.

DR. RIMBAULT has undertaken to edit for the Camden Society the *Sermons of the Boy Bishop*, left unfinished by the late Mr. J. G. Nichols.

THE Camden Society have added to their list of suggested publications *Reports of Cases in the Court of High Commission in the Reign of Charles I.*

to be edited by L. O. Pike, Esq. These papers give full reports of the sentences delivered; and as Laud and Abbot were amongst the members of the Court, we are enabled to learn what were their respective modes of dealing with ecclesiastical offences. Practically the difference, which is very great in the pages of modern writers, seems, in this respect at least, to have been very slight.

PROFESSOR SEELEY's lectures at Cambridge this time are to be on the Foreign Policy of France during the Great Revolution, and will show the entire faithlessness of Napoleon in his treaty-obligations with other States.

THE question of the origin of the Electoral College in the German Empire, which is first mentioned in the *Speculum Saxonum* (1230), has recently been made the subject of lively discussion. No less than four monographs, the authors of which appear to be at issue on a number of important points in this complicated problem, have appeared during the last two years: Hadiche, *Kurrecht und Erzamt der Laienfürsten* (Programm der k. Landesschule Pforta, 1872); Waitz, *Die Reichstage zu Frankfurt und Würzburg, 1208 u. 1209* (*Forschungen zur deutschen Geschichte*, xiii. 200 folg.); Schirrmacher, *Die Entstehung des Kurfürstencollegiums* (Berlin, 1874); and Willmanns, *Die Reorganisation des Kurfürstencollegiums durch Otto IV. und Innocenz III.* (Berlin, 1873).

A LITERARY theft of the most shameless description has lately been brought before the courts at Berlin. A certain Dr. Wilhelm Dabis, who was in the habit of attending the late Philip Jaffé's lectures at the University, has endeavoured to turn, what he can scarcely consider an honest penny, by publishing a set of Jaffé's lectures on Roman and Mediaeval Christian Chronology as his own, without communication with the historian's representatives, or even so much as mentioning his name. The book is full of *lacunae* and positively swarms with errors, so that the culprit was not long in being detected and brought to justice. We hear that it is intended now to bring out an edition of the genuine work from Jaffé's papers, which will be a most desirable thing to do on grounds quite independent of this case, as the work, or at least the mediaeval part of it, is much superior to any recent compendium on the subject.

THE *Rivista Europea* (February 1), besides the excellently edited *Notizie letterarie* (from nearly every country in Europe except England), which are its most constant and characteristic feature, contains an interesting article by Dr. Giuseppe Pitre on the curious Sicilian *cultus* for the souls of decapitated criminals; they have a church to themselves in Palermo, and the devotion is deeply rooted in popular feeling. Litanies are addressed to them in all sorts of emergencies, generally beginning—

"Armuzzi di li corpi decollati,
Tri 'mpisi, tri ocisi e tri annigati,"

(*Anime dei corpi decollati, tre applicati, tre uccisi e tre annegati*), but their help is supposed to be more especially at the service of persons attacked by robbers or other malefactors, somewhat as if the departed souls were jealous of their successors' indulgence of practices in which they could no longer take a share. The superstition is evidently a specialised form of the commoner devotion to the souls in purgatory; but as it is still living and growing, it deserves the attention of those interested in the comparative study of popular and primitive religious thought.

JULES MICHELET.

M. JULES MICHELET, whose death is announced, deserves more than a passing mention. He was born at Paris in 1798, in the choir of a monastic church, which his father had turned into a printing house. A decree of Napoleon I., which preserved the large printing-houses and suppressed the small,

ruined the father of the future historian. So during the darkest hours of France, the father was occupied out of doors with his customers, the mother stitched books, the grandfather with his trembling limbs worked at the hand-press; in short, the whole family toiled in their humble cottage to publish little volumes of family games, charades, and acrostics. Strange and cruel irony! Jules Michelet himself was the working composer. The misery was great, the cold so excessive that it left a scar upon one of Michelet's hands to the last. An offer was made to the parents to get their son into the Imprimerie Impériale; they refused, for they had a higher destiny in store for him than that of a workman. The young composer, who knew a little Latin, but nothing of Latin versification and no Greek, went to college, suffered more there than in the cellar which was his father's workshop, and speedily left, a *Professeur libre*. For the young man would neither enrol himself in the ranks of eclecticism, the official philosophy of the day, nor make a trade of his pen. Michelet therefore gave lessons in languages, history, and philosophy, for a living: but, faithful to his origin, he remained at heart one of the people. He said with Bruyère, "If I must choose, I am of the people." Hitherto Jules Michelet had lived "like a plant without sun between two pavements in Paris." He found his sun in Latin, in Roman History. He was so exquisitely sensitive that he seemed to die with the civilisations he was studying, to revive with those that issued from the wreck of the past, in short "to participate in everything;" to live by history.

His book on *Vico* and his *Précis de l'histoire moderne* opened to him a post at the Ecole Normale, which he soon, however, gave up. M. Guizot and Louis Philippe gave him a chair at the Collège d'Etat, together with a post at the Archives. To the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851—which he had partially unmasked—Michelet replied by resigning both posts.

Jules Michelet's brother-in-arms was Edgar Quinet. Their common adversary was Jesuitism. There remains to us as their joint product a work just but implacable, which bears the title of *La Confession*.

If some do not understand how the author of the *Histoire de France* should be the writer of *L'Amour* and of *L'Oiseau*, we beg them to read *Le Peuple*, published in 1846. There is the heart of Michelet, and there is the proof of the unity of the two sides of his genius. The style of *L'Histoire romaine* is grave, rhythmical, with long periods.

In the first volumes of the *Histoire de France* his style seems to catch fire, little by little, till it sparkles like a cascade of light; but it is in *Le Peuple* that the complete fusion of Michelet's two manners is to be found. Certain subjects—Fatherland, the People, Nature—change the historian into a poet or musician. Prose, ungrateful prose, becomes for Michelet what the guitar became in the hands of Huerta—an orchestra. Poor Huerta's reason gave way; it is the French language which gives way and is shattered at Michelet's needs. This difference deserves most careful attention. *Le Peuple* contains in germ *L'Amour*, *L'Enfant* (chiefly the work of the historian's second wife), *L'Oiseau*, *L'Insecte*, *La Montagne*, *La Mer*. Another work in which the scholarly and artistic elements in Michelet blend, is *La Bible de l'Humanité*, an attempted synthesis between the Bibles of all races. Michelet, we repeat, combines the incomparable scholar and the exquisite poet; but we are forced to add that the results of the combination sometimes oscillate from childishness to senility, and senility, we need not say, is always a little puerile. But these defects are generally on the surface. Many adroit writers have found their best *morceau* in retranslating a bad page of Michelet. But a true to polemics over the tomb.

It has been said that the soul of Michelet, like that of Livy, could transfigure itself to the likeness of any age. But the two periods in which

Michelet finds a twofold fatherland are the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. This passion, which our poet carried into all subjects, sometimes rendered him unjust, especially in his *Histoire de la Révolution française*. M. Alfred Bougeart, in his *Histoire de P. J. Marat*, has pointed out some singular omissions which would be unpardonable in a less impassioned mind. Besides, this love of love, if one may so speak, led Michelet to fail in understanding the cruel necessities, the most necessary cruelties. This Parisian, a Picard on the father's side, an Ardennois on the mother's, was a Brahmin.

We read with pain his last book, *La France devant l'Europe*, in which there were so many truths and so many illusions. We are happy that death has taken the great patriot before a final deception. If Jules Michelet has felt the bitter pang of seeing his country dismembered by a foreign foe, at least he has escaped experiencing the supreme agony of seeing her rent asunder by those of her own household, and brought low by his old adversaries, the Doctrinaires and the Jesuits.

JULES ANDRIEU.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE, whose rather sudden death took place on the 8th instant, will be missed by a limited circle of literary and personal friends, and by a larger number of readers who only knew him from his writings. Commencing his career, after obtaining honours at Oxford, with the most brilliant prospects as a lawyer, he afterwards became Professor of Political Economy at his own university, and eventually settled down into a comfortable post as permanent Under-Secretary of State, which he held, first at the Colonial Office, and afterwards at the India Office, from 1848 until the day of his death. The work by which he will be chiefly remembered is his "Colonisation and Colonies," a series of lectures delivered at Oxford in 1839, 1840, and 1841. This is undoubtedly a work of permanent value; and his method of treating the difficult and complicated questions bearing on the relations between colonies and a mother country strikingly shows the powers of Mr. Merivale's acute and judicial mind. But his essays, which were published collectively on two occasions, were certainly more popular, and the perusal of several of these charming papers furnishes an intellectual treat of the first order. Mr. Merivale loved to take up some minute point in history, and either to subject it to close criticism, or to illustrate it after an exhaustive enquiry. Hence his examination of the Paston Letters, which, though he was proved by the late Mr. Bruce—as he himself most candidly acknowledged—to have been mistaken in denying their authenticity, did the greatest service in calling to the subject renewed enquiry, which placed their position as genuine materials of history beyond further question. Hence, too, his interesting papers on the battle of Lutzen and the battle of Marston Moor. Mr. Merivale's latest literary labours were the completion of the Lives of Sir Philip Francis and Sir Henry Lawrence. There cannot be any question that his intellect was one of a very high order, but it was more remarkable for depth and acuteness of insight than for breadth of view. His quickness in seizing the main points of a complicated question, in detecting fallacies, and so forming correct decisions, was most extraordinary; and his power of exposition was marvellous. His intellectual gifts would naturally have led their possessor to the attainment of a much higher and more conspicuous position than he actually reached; but they were combined with total absence of ambition, a singular want of enthusiasm, and, in later life, a certain indolence and carelessness of mind. An abrupt manner, and a constitutional inability to conceal any unfavourable impression, occasionally caused offence to those who were only slightly acquainted with the late Under-Secretary for India. The

smaller circle of acquaintances who knew Mr. Merivale well, knew also that he was not only a man of great ability, but also a warm-hearted and affectionate friend, and one who would never intentionally give pain either to equals or subordinates.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

BUSK, R. H. *The Folk-Lore of Rome*; collected by word of mouth from the people. Longmans. 12s. 6d.
DUVAUX, L. *Livre-journal de Lazare Duvaux, marchand-bijoutier du royaume, 1748-1758*; précédé d'une étude sur le goût et sur le commerce des objets d'art au milieu du XVIII^e Siècle. Paris: Aubry.
FLEURY, G. Rohault de. *La Toscane au Moyen Age: Architecture civile et militaire*. Paris: Morel. 180 fr.
GIESLER, O. König Johann v. Sachsen. *Sein Leben u. Wirken, Dichten und Trachten*. Firma: Literatur-Bureau. 3 Ngr.
LEYS, Henry—*Oeuvre de photographié par Jos. Maes*. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 100 fr.
REID, G. W. *Catalogue of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum*. Div. I. Political and Personal Satires. Vol. II. June 1689 to 1733. Pickering. 30s.
RUELETON, Ch. *La Légende de Saint-Servais. Document inédit pour l'histoire de la gravure en bois*. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 2 fr.
TYRWHITT, R. St. John. *Art Teaching of the Primitive Church*. S. P. C. K.
VARIGNY, C. de. *Quatorze Ans aux îles Sandwich*. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

Physical Science, &c.

ARMSTRONG, H. E. *Introduction to the Study of Organic Chemistry. The Chemistry of Carbon and its Compounds*. Longmans. 3s. 6d.
BALZER, L. *Die Nahrungs- und Genussmittel d. Menschen in ihrer chem. Zusammensetzung und physiolog. Bedeutung*. Nordhausen: Förstemann. 18 Thl.
CORAZZINI, F. *I tempi pristorici o le antichissime tradizioni confraternite col risulta della scienza moderna*. Verona: Libreria alla Minerva. L. 4.
GAUTHIER, A. *Chimie appliquée à la Physiologie, à la Pathologie et à l'Hygiène*. Paris: Savvy. 18 fr.
MOORE, T. *Index Filicum: A Synopsis of the Genera of Ferns, &c.* Parts 1 to 20. Williams & Norgate. 20s.

History.

BAUCHET, Armand. *Le Duc de Saint-Simon, son Cabinet, et l'historique de ses Manuscrits, d'après des documents authentiques et entièrement inédits*. Paris: Pion. 8 fr.
BICKELAS, D. *Ilépi Buçariviv*. Williams & Norgate. 3s.
BRUUN, Ph. *Essai de Concordance entre les opinions contradictoires relatives à la Scythie d'Hérodote et aux contredits limitorum*. Odessa: Denbner. 2 Thl.
GACHARD, M. *Les Archives du Vatican*. Bruxelles: Muquardt. 3 fr. 50 c.
GEORGE, H. B. *Genealogical Tables illustrative of Modern History*. Clarendon Press Series. Macmillan. 12s.
MICHELET, J. *Histoire de France. Tome IV*. Paris: Lacroix. 6 fr.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

We publish the following extract from a letter received by Mr. Markham from Lieutenant Cameron, dated October 16, which gives some further details respecting Dr. Livingstone's death; and shows the great difficulties with which the Relief Expedition has had to contend.

Unyanyembe, October 16, 1873.

It is with extreme regret I write to announce to you the melancholy news of the death of Dr. Livingstone, of which we received news from Chumoi, his servant, who came in in advance of his caravan, in order to get some [provisions], as he says they are utterly destitute.

From his report (Chumoi's) they had passed the northern shores of Lake Bemba (Bangweolo), and arrived at about 10° S. lat. on the Luapula, when the Doctor was attacked with dysentery, which carried him off in about ten days or a fortnight. His servants have disembowelled the corpse and filled it with salt, and put brandy into the mouth, &c., so as to preserve it, and are bringing it along with them. They have also two boxes of books with them, and say there is another at Ujiji, which the Doctor told them to fetch and take down to the coast with them; so I intend, as the caravan consists of seventy or eighty men, to send part down to the coast at once with the body, and take part to Ujiji to bring back the said box.

I intend now to strike as soon as possible for the furthest point reached by the Doctor in 1871, and endeavour to trace the river Lualaba to its outlet; for this I have sufficient stores, but I have

been obliged to purchase largely here at very high prices, the Arabs charging fifteen dollars for a piece of *satin* (very inferior sheeting), which might cost three dollars at Zanzibar; certainly they are almost out of stores themselves.

It is very difficult to get pagazi, as Mirambo's men are all over the country and infest every road in the country, and they are all afraid to go; however, I am in hopes of getting off now as soon as I have seen the Doctor's body started for the coast.

The reason of our long stay is the amount of illness; I have had eight fevers, and a bad attack of inflammation of the eyes, which for some time rendered me quite blind, and even now I am unable to use them for long, and my sight is hazy and indistinct.

On our arrival here, after paying off pagazi, we had only 13 bales of cloth left, so that I was obliged to purchase largely, especially as I thought Dr. Livingstone would stand in need of supplies, and as it turns out he was nearly destitute at the time of his death.

V. LOVETT CAMERON, Lieut. R.N.

P.S.—Livingstone first reached the middle of the north shore of Lake Bemba; being unable to cross, doubled back and rounded it, crossing besides the Chambesi three other rivers flowing into the lake: he then went (as far as I can make out) looking for the fountains of Herodotus, and I think crossed the Luapula to the eastward, marching in a dreadful marshy country, with the water for three hours at a time above their waists. Ten of his men died and several ran.

His caravan now consists of 79 men. No doubt I shall learn more when it arrives.

DR. N. VON MIKLUCHO-MACLAY, the Russian traveller who has been sojourning during the year 1872 in the eastern extremity of that huge but little known island, New Guinea, returned to Batavia in the latter part of 1873. From a letter addressed to Dr. Petermann, it appears that he intended in November last to start for Ceram, and thence to make for the south-west coast of New Guinea, either in the vicinity of the Utanata river, or further on towards the Princess Marianne Straits. He intends to travel alone, and, judging from his past researches, will probably devote himself to the investigation of the ethnology of the island.

WE understand that the New Monthly Mail Service between Zanzibar and the French settlements of Nossi Bé and Mayotte—for which, as we announced in our issue of January 3, the French Government have contracted with the British India Steam Navigation Company—will be opened on or about the 8th proximo, on which date a steamer will be in readiness at Zanzibar to take on the Brindisi mail of the 13th instant from London, which will be brought down by the steamer from Aden. This line for the first time brings Madagascar and the Comoro Islands into regular steam communication with the civilised world. Its influence on the trade of East Africa should be very great; and we trust that the Portuguese Government will not be long in following the example of the French and contracting with the same Company for a regular monthly service to the Mozambique.

THE latest news of Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, received by Dr. Petermann of Gotha, bears the date of January 13. On January 11 the traveller had reached the important oasis, Dachel (17,000 inhabitants), in the Libyan Desert. Dr. Rohlfs has sent six charts to Europe as the first-fruits of the rich harvest which we may anticipate from his interesting expedition.

By private advices from Zanzibar we learn that a man had been sent in by the Governor of Lamoo, as the murderer of McCausland, but it was doubted whether he was the real culprit. The Sultan had sent orders for witnesses to be forwarded. Another expedition of 400 men had started for Melinda against Mubarak, who was in

rebellion against the Sultan, and the Governor of Lamoo had received orders to unite his forces with those sent from Zanzibar.

Mr. Justice Gibbs at Bombay, in a case referred to him, having decided that he had no jurisdiction over the subjects of the Rao of Kutch, as not being British subjects, it was anticipated that difficulties would arise as to the measures lately put in force against all Kutchis holding slaves.

The Universities Mission House has been purchased by the Government as the future British Consulate.

H.M.S. *Briton*, *Daphne*, *Shearwater*, and *Vulture* had been at Zanzibar. Captain Malcolm had given over the command of the *Briton* to Captain J. Brine. No slave vessels had been captured, showing how effectually the late treaty is being enforced.

Captain Elton, the Acting Assistant Political Agent, was following out Dr. Kirk's active policy of supervision of trading stations on the African coast, with the view to render our efforts effectual, and prevent our Indian subjects from engaging in and encouraging the slave traffic. At Dar Salaam about fifty slaves had been found, who were held by these Indians. Captain Elton had started overland for Kilwa. This, added to the thorough manner in which Dr. Kirk had himself before carried out the inspection of the Northern Districts and freed nearly 500 slaves, will effectually discourage our Indian subjects from lending their support to slave dealers.

An Austrian man-of-war had visited Zanzibar and saluted the flag; this will probably lead to the establishment of an Austrian consulate.

In the *Commercial Report from Her Majesty's Consuls in Japan*, which has just been issued among the Parliamentary papers, is printed an interesting account by Mr. R. G. Watson of the resources of the Island of Yezo and the progress of the works now being carried on by the American surveyors and other officers, under the direction of General Capron. Sir Harry Parkes, in transmitting Mr. Watson's report to the Foreign Office, writes: "It is to be regretted that the Japanese Government do not evince a fuller appreciation of the benefits they might derive from the great natural resources of the Island of Yezo, and of the manner in which these might be best developed. Energy and integrity, capital and enterprise, are all shown by this report to be wanting."

THE following statistics regarding the Island of Cuba may be found interesting:—"The population of Cuba in 1872 was about 1,200,000 inhabitants, of which about 350,000 were negro slaves, and 60,000 Chinese immigrants. The chief productions of the country are sugar, molasses, and tobacco. The first-named article is exported in large quantities to the northern United States. England, France, Holland, and other countries have their share, but Spain, strange to say, consumes but a small quantity of this, her chief colonial product, although the sugar itself is of excellent quality, and most carefully prepared. The tobacco of Cuba is also held in high repute, particularly that from that fertile portion of the island called Vuelta-Abajo. By far the largest quantity of it goes to the United States, no less than 8,300,000 lbs. having been exported there in 1870, Spain coming next with 1,700,000 lbs. Rice is one of the chief imports, and is derived mainly from the States of North and South Carolina, and from British India. Cuba has some good harbours, viz., Havana, Santiago, Matanzas, and Cienfuegos, the first, however, being by far the best in the island, if not in the whole New World. The greatest proportion of the shipping hails from the United States, Spain and England ranking next. The public debt in 1872 amounted to thirteen millions sterling."

WE understand that Mr. Ney Elias leaves Brindisi by the mail of the 16th instant, *en route*

to India, where he hopes to find an opening under Government for further explorations into Thibet *via* Sikkim. It may be deemed probable that, should Mr. Ney Elias succeed in his object, our commercial and political relations with the tribes in the vicinity of those frontiers, the Lepchas, would be materially benefited. Our readers will not have forgotten that the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society was awarded last year to Mr. Ney Elias, for his unprecedented journey taken alone across Mongolia into Siberia and Russia, the scientific results of which were found especially valuable.

PARIS LETTER.

4 Place Wagram, Feb. 10, 1874.

Who will deliver us from the "Inconnue"? The veiled lady is taking a permanent place at the household hearth; she is irrepressible in the gossip columns of the literary press; she haunts the foyers on "first nights," and the central drawing-rooms whence the wit and wisdom of the coming week's *premiers-Paris* radiate. The Iron Mask may bow to her, and Junius call her sister. Mérimée's valet is the last speaker in the unquenchable debate. "Baptiste" has written to an ex-senator, one of his old master's friends, professing a perfect knowledge of the Inconnue's identity. He can remember carrying letters and messages to her house. She was a well-known actress—"très gracieuse," the servant states; but his proofs are not conclusive, and it is perhaps advisable for the sake of all who are interested in the question, to withhold the name he ventures to publish. Then M. Arsène Houssaye comes forward again incidentally as a debater on the vexed question. He consecrates an amusing biographical article to the three names recently connected by an academical séance—those of Mérimée, Jules Sandeau, and M. de Loménie. Arsène Houssaye was director of the Théâtre Français when the author of *Clara Gazul*, stimulated by the theatrical successes of his friend De Musset, made his first and last dramatic effort. This effort was *Le Curroste du Saint Sacrement*, a "jolie impétue" in the Voltairean manner. M. Houssaye produced it. Mérimée refused to superintend or witness the rehearsals, and arrived at the theatre on the first night with all the virginal illusions of the débutant fresh and intact. He was late. The Inconnue accompanied him, and had delayed the expedition "pour être plus belle." When the door of the box was opened, the hisses of a unanimous audience became audible; and Mérimée asked with calm ingenuousness: "Que siffle-t-on là?" Thus M. Houssaye knew the Inconnue, but refuses to satisfy the yearnings of all literary France. His obduracy in this case is the more exemplary and irritating that the author of *Madoiselle des Trente-six Vertus* is not as a rule remarkable for the delicate discretion of his biographies. He has a hand in the following *plat* of strong spices and pungent flavour. The *menu* must be given in M. Houssaye's own poetic French—savouring of Marivaux, Racan, and Paul de Kock: *Le Roman des Femmes qui ont Aimé, par Madame la Princesse XXX. Commenté par Arsène Houssaye*. And the dainty worshipper of Pompadour adds as an epigraph Mdlle. de l'Espinasse's sentimental axiom: "Aimer c'est faire un pacte avec la douleur." It may be added that the anonymous Princesse is generally supposed to be a Bonaparte, the gracious and generous hostess of the Palais Royal, where M. Houssaye was the most frequent and intimate guest.

This is an era of Recollections, Revelations, and Petits Mémoires. Who will direct the popular taste for and into an unexplored channel, and describe anecdotically the history and influence of literary professors in Parliament? In France the field would yield matter for a hundred volumes, and M. de Lorges would furnish the subject of an amusing paragraph. The Vicomte de Lorges is one of the least governable of the Light Horse; but that is his smallest title to fame. He is one of the "grotesques" of literature, whom Gautier would have painted with a joyous and ready hand. The Breton politician is a Breton bard; he sings the cider and *sacré cœur* of his native province in verses that manage to halt on sixteen feet. He hails the advent of Henri V. once a quarter in well-meaning modifications of "Vive Henri Quatre," which in point of rhyme, rhythm, and metaphor, are like the effusions of nightmare suffered by the poet Gagné—"archi-pantodrate" and "candidat de l'Humanité." M. de Lorges's speeches are as absurd as his poetry. His last achievement is the proposition of a tax on the tall hat of respectability. The Vicomte requires that wearers of the beaver shall pay two francs fifty centimes to the State per head; and he estimates that the impost would yield more than a million francs a year. He has just answered the universal chorus of laughter that greeted this proposal with the dignified rebuke: "I prefer the taxes that make one laugh to those that make one weep." Another literary deputy has recently made himself conspicuous by mentioning a "class of spoliation" at the tribune. The *premier pas* is terribly expensive in France: one is seldom allowed to take a second. Edouard Lockroy was, with Rochefort, some ten years ago, the supreme representative of Parisian wit and satire—a laughing chroniqueur, a social celebrity, a master of ridicule and epigram. In an evil hour he wrote the most amusing vaudeville of the modern *répertoire*, "Le Zouave est en bas," and that Zouave has followed him ever since. He has written on educational questions, on political economy, on internal administration. The Zouave was *en bas*. He has recently spoken at some length in the Assembly on a question of financial reform, and the Zouave has reappeared again more ludicrous than ever. The Monarchist press reproduces the financial essay of to-day in juxtaposition with the vaudeville of ten years ago, and ends the quotation with "Ci-git Edouard Lockroy!"

There are one or two changes in the University corps. The death of Philarète Chasles left vacant the professorship of Teutonic languages and literature at the Collège de France. Two successors were presented by the College for ministerial approval—M. Bossert and M. Guillaume Guizot. The first candidate was avowedly preferred by the Collège de France, being incomparably the most capable and experienced. M. Guizot has been appointed by the Minister, being the most orthodox. At the same date M. Gaston Maspero was appointed to the professorship of Egyptian Archaeology and Philology. M. Maspero is very favourably known in England as an eminent Egyptologist. M. Gustave Bertrand, member of the Comité des Travaux Historiques, has just returned from his third scientific mission to St. Petersburg. He brings with him the copies of four collections of the letters of Henri III. to his Minister Villeroy; a volume of the letters of Antoine, King of Navarre, father of Henri IV.;

and two more volumes containing letters from several princes and princesses of the House of Navarre. Moreover, M. Bertrand will now be able to publish a complete catalogue of the French manuscripts belonging to the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. This is an important step towards the collection of the innumerable quantities of historical documents taken out of France at different troubled periods, and deposited in foreign libraries.

M. Dumas, fils, has read to the actors of the Odéon the five revised acts of the *Jeunesse de Louis XIV.* The drama is now complete, corrected and amended. The ceremony of the reading was very impressive by reason of the new Academician's simple and withal delicate and effective delivery. This piece is the only unpublished work of the elder Dumas. It is a drama in his early style, comprising thirty "speaking" parts. Lafontaine will play Mazarin, and Mdlle. Pauline Lebrun Anne of Austria.

EVELYN JERROLD.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT ILIUM NOVUM.
Mr. Newton, who returned from Athens last week, sends us the following report on Dr. Schliemann's Trojan Collection.

British Museum, Feb. 10.

The controversy as to the merits of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries promises to be a sharp one. Without attempting to criticise now what has been written on either side by M. Burnouf in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, by Professor Max Müller in the ACADEMY, and by Professors Conze, Rhosopulo, and Stark in German periodicals which I have not yet seen, I think it as well at the present stage of the controversy to offer a few remarks on the antiquities discovered by Dr. Schliemann, to examine which I have recently made a journey to Athens.

Now, the opinions current as to these antiquities are somewhat conflicting. First, it is confidently believed by those who regard the Trojan war as an historical event that these antiquities, found at a great depth under the Greek city of Ilium Novum, are actual remains of the Troy over which Priam ruled, which the Greeks sacked, and which Homer has immortalised. This, I need hardly add, is the opinion of Dr. Schliemann himself. Secondly, those who either reject entirely the story of the Trojan war, or think that there is no sure test by which the historical facts, possibly latent in the legend, can be detected and detached, still allow that there is a *prima facie* case for considering the Schliemann antiquities as prehistoric, and consequently as antecedent to the earliest Greek antiquities as yet discovered. Thirdly, there are archaeologists who, while admitting the truth of Dr. Schliemann's narrative and the genuineness of his antiquities, have maintained that they have no pretensions to the remote antiquity which he claims for them, and that they are probably the work of some barbarous race in Asia Minor in comparatively recent and even in Christian times. Lastly, some few persons have received Dr. Schliemann's narrative with scornful incredulity, and have insinuated that the gold and silver ornaments were fabricated at Athens, or that they were purchased by Dr. Schliemann in some other part of Asia Minor, and associated with the antiquities from Ilium Novum. In other words, they consider his story of the finding of a treasure as altogether apocryphal.

I think it right here to state that, from the day I first saw the photographs of Dr. Schliemann's antiquities and read his narrative, I entertained no doubt whatever as to the genuineness of the objects found, nor did his account of the mode of their discovery suggest to me any doubt as to the truth of his statements. This, my original opinion, has been amply confirmed since by per-

sonal inspection of the antiquities; by the opinion of several other experienced archaeologists who have seen them; and lastly, by the fact that similar objects in gold and silver, found on the same site, have recently come to light in the Troad, as already mentioned in the ACADEMY. While fully recognising the authenticity of Dr. Schliemann's narrative and the genuineness of his antiquities, I am not prepared at present to accept his assumption that he has found the site of the Homeric Troy. Doubtless he has a very fair case. He has dug on the undoubted site of Ilium Novum, on the site which, till the time of Demetrius of Skepsis, the ancients believed to be that of Troy; and on this site, at a great depth, far below the remains of the Hellenic city, he has found remains of a city which has evidently been consumed by fire. But before we can prove that this burnt city was the Homeric Troy, we must assume that the Troy which Homer describes had a real existence; and this is an assumption which, I need not observe, will be disputed by a large number of students trained in the modern school of historical criticism. Therefore I prefer to leave the question an open one, whether Dr. Schliemann has found the site of Homeric Troy or not. But while declining to enter on this vexed and, as appears to me, rather hopeless question as to the site of Troy, I think it right to express my opinion *quantum valeat* as to whether Dr. Schliemann's antiquities are of that remote antiquity which we, vaguely groping in the twilight of an uncertified past, call prehistoric; or whether, as has been alleged, they are the work of one of the barbarous races who in comparatively recent time have occupied Asia Minor. Before pronouncing a decided opinion on this point, I could have wished to have had the means of comparing the Schliemann antiquities with some of those collections of prehistoric and barbarous remains which have in recent years been so diligently formed and intelligently classified in continental museums. These collections I have never had the leisure to study, and therefore in judging of the Schliemann antiquities my range of comparison does not extend much beyond the limits of the Hellenic world. I think that all Greek archaeologists will admit that these antiquities have a decidedly *non-Hellenic* character. So far as I have at present the means of judging, they are *Prehellenic*.

The evidence which leads me to this conclusion is of two kinds, negative and positive. By negative evidence, I mean that there is, in the multifarious collection of objects accumulated by Dr. Schliemann in his excavations, a marked absence of certain classes of antiquities which we associate with the most archaic period of Hellenic art. There is no glass, and, if the analysis is correct which has been made of the weapons and implements, there is no wrought bronze, but in its place copper. Pottery has been found in abundance, and with great variety of form, but not one single example of painted or varnished pottery such as is found at Mycenae, Camirus, Ialysus, Cyprus, Athens, and other very ancient sites. With the exception of the one doubtful instance mentioned by Professor Max Müller, there is no intelligible writing; and in regard to plastic art, though in those rude productions in which Dr. Schliemann recognises the *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη* there is certainly an attempt to model a face, whether human or owl-like, the conception of the human form as an organic whole, a conception which we meet with at the very dawn of Greek art, nowhere appears. Nor can I detect, as in archaic Greek art, any trace of Oriental or Egyptian influence in any of the ornaments or devices.

On the other hand, if we compare these antiquities carefully with the archaic objects which have been found in Rhodes, in Cyprus, in Santorin, and in Etruria, certain resemblances may be detected which can hardly be the result of chance. For instance, a peculiar type of *oinochoe* repeatedly recurs in the Schliemann collection, which I would call the two-necked type, the jug having

two necks or throats. In the Cesnola collection from Cyprus were several of this form, and in the small collection of Cypriote pottery in the British Museum is one which, like a large proportion of the Schliemann vases, has the red clay not *painted*, but wrought by hand-polishing to a lustrous surface, and ornamented, like the Schliemann vases, with incised patterns.

Again, the forms of the spear-heads and other implements resemble those found in the most ancient tombs in Cyprus, and in both cases the analysis of the metal is said to have yielded not bronze, but pure copper.

The pottery generally has a strong family likeness in fabric and shapes to that pottery found under the lava at Albano which is reputed to be the most ancient pottery of Italy, and of which the British Museum possesses several examples. Again, M. Burnouf, in his article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, already referred to, recognises a resemblance between some of the Schliemann vases and the pottery found at Santorin, and which is believed to be of the prehistoric period. I regret very much that at the time of my late visit to Athens I had not the opportunity of examining this Santorin pottery, as it was packed up for transfer to the new house to which the Ecole Française has migrated. I am only slightly acquainted with the prehistoric pottery of Germany, but I have reason to think that, on comparison with that found by Dr. Schliemann, considerable analogies will be discovered.

I have given these few instances as samples of resemblances which may be detected on careful comparison. I would add that among the Camirus and Cypriote terra-cottas are certain rude representations of the human form which seem to be just one stage in advance of the *γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη* of Schliemann, but only one stage. In these progressive efforts it would seem that the artist began with something even more elementary than Shakespeare's manikin "made after supper out of a cheeseparing," and that what gradually converted this manikin into an organic form was the instinct of Greek genius trained and developed by the contact with more civilised races round, and imbibing ideas of Egyptian and Assyrian art through traffic with the Phoenicians. My present theory, then, about the Schliemann antiquities is, that they are Prehellenic, and that those resemblances to the antiquities from other ancient sites which I have indicated are not accidental coincidences, but that in places like Rhodes and Cyprus a few relics of the Prehellenic period survived to a later age, and have thus been found intermixed with what I would call Graeco-Phoenician or archaic Greek antiquities. If those who maintain the more recent origin of the Schliemann antiquities will show by comparison that they present equally striking resemblances to antiquities known to be later than the Christian era, of course my argument will be so far invalidated, but, as yet, I believe no such resemblances have been established.

C. T. NEWTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A "REVOLUTION IN PSYCHOLOGY."

45 Conduit Street, W., Feb. 11.

A passage quoted by Professor Clifford in his recent review of Mr. Lewes' *Problems of Life and Mind* (ACADEMY, Feb. 7), together with his comment on it, raises an important question on the connection of general psychology with certain other sciences, to the discussion of which the ACADEMY may possibly be willing to allow a short space.

Mr. Lewes, veteran philosopher and Positivist historian of philosophy as he is, has recently effected, as he tells us, a "change of front," and

"positis novis exuvii, nitidusque juventa," has come forward with the first instalment of a work which is to contain a treatment of metaphysical questions by scientific methods, so as to

lead them finally to a satisfactory solution. No wonder that such a work from such a man should arouse the keen interest of all who cultivate philosophy.

"Human psychology," writes Mr. Lewes in the passage mentioned above, "the science of psychical phenomena, has to seek its data in Biology and in Sociology. The great mistake hitherto has been either that of metaphysicians, seeking the data solely in introspective analysis of Consciousness; or that of biologists, seeking data in the combination of such an analysis with interpretation of nervous phenomena."

Sociology is thus introduced as the source of the data for one half of psychology; and, says the reviewer, "the sense of relative importance implied in it amounts, we believe, to a revolution in psychology."

Now here I would say, *Distinguo*. If human psychology is taken in the above unrestricted sense, as the science of psychical phenomena in general, it is another name for Metaphysic; but if taken in the restricted sense of the science of psychical phenomena in their relation to the sentient organism in which they arise, then we have psychology proper as distinguished from metaphysic—a distinction which, from Professor Clifford's acute exposition of an allied doctrine of mine, I hope he will be prepared to accept.

In the former sense, which in the words quoted is adopted by Mr. Lewes, it cannot, I would urge, be said that psychology has to seek its data in biology and in sociology, without adding as of equal right—and in the physical sciences; for all alike are sciences of its object-matter. Nor again is it an error of biologists to have excluded sociology, for biology enters into the data of general psychology in another and a special manner, not shared by either the social or the physical sciences, being the science of the organism in which the psychical phenomena arise, and upon which alone they immediately and directly depend. The individual organism and its psychical phenomena stand in complete correlation to each other: he that studies the one studies now the antecedent, now the consequent, of the other; there is nothing as consequence in the one which is not as condition in the other. But this coextensive correlation does not include the Media, or environments, whether social or physical, wherein the individual organism is placed, necessary as both are, one to the moral, the other to the physical existence of the organism. Both act upon the organism, and only through the organism do they modify the psychical phenomena.

For let us consider what is meant by the facts of sociology. Take, for instance, such relations as the family bond, companionship in war, buying and selling, the administration of justice, &c. Every such fact is ultimately of a double, and no more than a double character: there is in it the physical part, the men related and their outward acts; and there is the mental part, the imagined nature of the relation and the acts, and the felt value, obligation, or interest attaching to them. Of these two components, physical and mental, the former affects the organism immediately, is a fact of biology, and gives data to psychology proper; the latter is already a part of the data of general psychology itself. To count sociological phenomena, over and above biological and physical, as a special source of data for general psychology, is merely to group some data of general and some of special psychology together under a new name.

General psychology, then, seeks its data in all three domains—biology, sociology, and the physical sciences; psychology proper only in biology. And if any psychologist seeks his data only in biology, he thereby restricts his research to psychology proper.

Professor Clifford, in calling Mr. Lewes introduction of sociology a "revolution in psychology," appears to have confused between the data belonging to general psychology, or metaphysic, and those belonging to psychology proper. For to introduce sociological data into general psychology

is no revolution at all; it is what has always been done: the moral and social relations of men have always been held to be of prime importance as its data; while as data of psychology proper, these same moral and social relations are capable of being data in no other sense than are also the relations of the individual to his physical environment, and, in the present condition of biology, are not so much data as *problems*,—the great problem being to discover what specifically are the physiological changes in an individual organism, which are correlated as conditions with those moral and social conceptions and feelings which are summed up in the term Civilisation.

There is a change in the individual organism intermediate between the social organism and the change in the psychical phenomena of the individual. The question for the future is—what specifically this intermediate change consists in; how the physical component in social phenomena becomes clothed, so to speak, with the mental; and how, in consequence, the organism bears its part in sustaining and developing that general world of ideas in which civilisation consists.

The facts of sociology, then, are data of general psychology, but problems of psychology proper. Only if the facts of sociology could be shown to be immediate antecedents of changes in the psychical phenomena, instead of acting mediately through changes wrought by their physical components in the individual organism (which Mr. Lewes, as I read him, would be the last to admit), could a revolution be said to be effected in psychology. It would be a revolution in psychology proper, not in general psychology; but it would be a revolution of immense significance, and that in the direction of abstract entities and immaterial causation.

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" ON CHAUCER'S "CANTERBURY TALES."

3 ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE, N.W.

The *Saturday Review* seems determined to keep up its reputation for elaborate blunders about Chaucer. Its former famous performance was on April 15, 1871, when it took in hand that poet's *Parlement of Foules*, and with a flourish of trumpets announced its discovery of the hero, heroine, date and scene, of the poem; namely, as the hero, Enguerrand de Couci, who "in the hall of Eltham won the heart of Isabel Plantagenet" (Edward III's daughter) "on the 14th of February," 1364, when Edward III. entertained at Eltham King John of France. This supposed discovery I tested by documents in the Public Record Office, by Froissart, &c., and showed that on February 14, 1364, Edward III. was at Westminster, not at Eltham; that the day on which he entertained King John was a Sunday in January (the 7th or 14th), while February 14 in that year was on a Wednesday; and so burst the *Saturday Review's* bubble, with which the hero and heroine also disappeared. Seemingly the same writer has now taken Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* in hand, and in an article in last Saturday's number has, with his old recklessness, undertaken to show that it is all nonsense to set any value on the careful and patient work of one of the best Chaucer scholars in the world, Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the learned librarian of Cambridge University, in separating Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* into their component groups, and thereby reconciling, for the first time since Chaucer's death, the difficulties in the geography and the succession of the *Canterbury Tales*. The merest tyro in Chaucer knows those difficulties, which have been often dwelt on: that by Tyrwhitt's arrangement of the Tales—that of the best MSS. of the best type, the A or Ellesmere one—the Pilgrims are put by the Wife's Prologue near Sittingbourne, forty miles from town, then made to tell twelve Tales, and by that time find they have countermarched, and gone ten miles back towards London, instead of twenty or thirty towards Canterbury, and are close to Rochester, thirty miles

from town; then they tell only three Tales, and in that time have countermarched again, and got back, past Sittingbourne, to Boughton, some fifty miles from London. This well-known difficulty the *Saturday Reviewer* boldly declares does not exist at all; and in the face of Tyrwhitt's often-reprinted text, which he evidently has not read with any care, says, on the strength of § xxvii. of Tyrwhitt's "Introductory Discourse," "nor did Tyrwhitt plant his pilgrims at Boughton, within seven miles of their journey's end, to carry them backwards twenty miles to Rochester, and anon in a third part of the time, twenty-three miles forward." No, but he did carry them backwards ten miles, and then in a third of the time, twenty miles forward, which is nearly as bad, and makes quite as much confusion in the geography and progress of the journey. Mr. Bradshaw's happy lift of the *Shipman* and its linked-on Tales up to the *Man of Law's Tale*, thus uniting the severed members of Group B, of course removes the difficulty, and brings Rochester before Sittingbourne, as it in fact is. However, the *Saturday Reviewer* having thus boldly denied one well-known fact, thinks he had better deny a second. Chaucer tells us that his Pilgrims started one morning from the Tabard at Southwark; and yet he also tells us that when the Pilgrims were fifty-four and a half miles from Southwark, at Bob up and down (Harbledown), it was still a morning, and that the Host, seeing the Cook sleepy (and very drunk)—which he was not when the Pilgrims passed Greenwich on the first morning of their journey, as he began to tell his tale—called to this Cook, saying:

"What cyleth the to slepē by the morwe? [that is, in the morning.]

Hastow had fleen [fleas] al night, or artow drunke?" Which means as plainly as it can, that the Cook, Host, and all the party had, on some night after they had left London, slept somewhere on the road, a short distance from Harbledown, say either at Boughton, about fifty miles from town, or more probably at Ospringe, forty-six miles, and had then started again next morning. How does the *Saturday Reviewer* get over these facts? Quite easily; he flatly denies the existence of any such passage as the above; and, to make people believe him better, he denies it twice. Here are his words: "If these things were so, they would have some weight, especially if also there were passages in Chaucer which made it doubtful whether the journey was one day or more; but there is no such passage." "There is nothing in any printed copy, nor, so far as appears, in any MS. of the *Canterbury Tales*, to raise a suspicion that the journey lasted more than a day." Now, though these assertions look very like a carrying out of the naughty schoolboy's maxim, "Tell a lie, tell a good 'un, and stick to it," I am quite content to believe that the explanation of them is Dr. Johnson's "Pure ignorance," and astounding recklessness. Only I hope *The Saturday Review* will not continue the practice. I have not instanced Chaucer's notice of a probable third morning, in the Squire's "it is pryme," 6 (or 9) A.M., which can hardly be made consistent with the *Saturday's* notice of a one day's journey.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

DR. SCHLEIMANN'S DISCOVERIES.

Athens, Jan. 29, 1874.

The strata of red ashes and calcined ruins, which I found in the Mount Hissarlik in a depth of 7 to 10 mètres (23½ to 33½ feet), must be considered coincident with the events related by Homer: for we see in *Iliad*, iii. 149, 154; vi. 373, 386, and 393, that there was a gate called the Scaean Gates (*Σκαιαὶ Πύλαι*) in Ilium's Great Tower. This gate led to the plain; it must, therefore, needs have been in a westerly direction, and this is besides confirmed by the Greek word *Σκαιαῖ*. My excavations have, indeed, brought to light in the said strata a vast tower, 6 mètres (20 feet) high, which is built 14 mètres (46½ feet) below the surface of the virgin rock; its

north side, which leans on an artificial hill of nearly equal height, shows no real masonry except for one mètre at its upper border. At the north-west extremity of this monument is a double gate, from which a street, paved with large flat stones, runs in a south-western direction down to the plain. On the artificial hill, just above the two gates, and in the most imposing position of the whole mount, are the ruins of a large mansion, which must have been the residence of the chief or king of the town or citadel, and of the whole surrounding country, for it is built of stones joined with earth, whilst the remainder of the town is built of unburnt brick. Moreover, I found in this stone-house the most beautiful objects of my whole collection, and I discovered, hardly two yards from it, on the great wall, the rich treasure of vases, diadems, and other jewels of gold, electron, or silver, which must necessarily have belonged to that chief or king and his family. The town or citadel was destroyed by a tremendous conflagration, of which the red ashes and calcined ruins, nay, every stone and every potsherd, bear unmistakeable testimony. The houses, and particularly the king's *μίγαρον*, must have been very high, and wood must have entered largely into their construction, besides very large wooden defences must have existed above both the Scaean gates and the tower; for otherwise, it is totally inexplicable how these monuments could have been completely buried by the red ashes and ruins. But it is a fact that they were buried, and that after the awful catastrophe they were never dug out and used again, for a new town was built right upon the ruins of the old, and the foundations of the new *μίγαρον* of the king were laid on the ruins which covered in some places two and three mètres deep the skeleton of the old palace, the double Scaean gate, and part of the great tower.

In the atlas which accompanies my work, *Trojanische Alterthümer*, there are several photographs, which show the new royal mansion still covering the Scaean gates, and others which show it after I had broken away as much of it as was necessary to bring to light the whole of the gates. Foreseeing that my discoveries would appear too wonderful not to rouse incredulity, I have taken particular care to leave the remainder of the new royal mansion *in situ* upon the old *μίγαρον*, of which I have cleared out only those parts which were not covered by the posterior building. Thus every visitor can convince himself of the accuracy of my statements.

The chief or king at the time of Troy's tragic end is called Priamos by Homer and by tradition, and for that reason I call him by the same name, and shall continue to do so until Professor Max Müller proves to me that he had another name. In the same way I shall continue to call the last Trojan king's treasure Priam's treasure until the Professor proves that the Homeric Ilium's last monarch had a different name.

There can be no doubt that the treasure has been contained in a wooden chest, because the gold, silver, and copper vases and other objects had retained in the ashes the shape of a parallelopiped, and, besides the long copper plate with two immovable wheels (on the lower side of which has been soldered a silver vase) which was lying on the top, must have served to sustain the wooden cover, the wheels serving as hasps. The existence of the chest is further proved by the key.

In further reply to the learned Professor's article, I affirm that the name of the queen Hekabe never occurs in my publications. Only in speaking of three or four gold rings in the shape of earrings, but which on account of their thickness and heavy weight can never have been used as such, I mentioned that the same may have been worn as finger-rings by the princesses of the royal house, because they are too small and too splendidly ornamented for the male sex. The learned Professor asks me, "If the golden head-

resses, which I call *κρίστηρα*, had been worn by Hekabe or Helen, would not Homer have described them, instead of speaking of the *κρίστηρα* as simple veils tied round the head?" My reply is that the Homeric *κρίστηρον* is not always a mere veil, and that the *λιταροκρίστηρον* can be nothing else but a head-dress of gold. If, however, the Professor finds that the head-dresses represented on Plates 205 and 206 of my Atlas deserve another Homeric denomination, he would certainly oblige the scientific world by announcing their right name. Homer could, besides, describe only such ornaments as he saw, and it would be very wonderful indeed if he had described the exact shape of such as I found in the treasure, for these were probably in use 900 or 1,000 years before he was born. In fact, the Trojan vases, with a long, straight, or backward bent neck, and two large female breasts, were also dug up in Santorin (*Θήρα*) by my learned friend M. Emile Burnouf, the director of the French School at Athens, from below a stratum sixty-eight feet thick, of pumice-stone and volcanic ashes, thrown out by that immense central volcano, which, in the opinion of competent geologists, has sunk and disappeared about 2,000 years before our era, and, according to De Longpérier, similar vases figure in the tomb of Rekhmara, in Thebes, of the time of King Thutmoses III. (seventeenth century before Christ), among the offerings which the inhabitants of Rhodes, Cyprus, Crete, &c., present to that monarch. The subterranean houses brought to light in Santorin by M. Burnouf are besides of the same architecture as the king's palace, the great tower, and the Scaean Gate at Ilium; that is to say, they consist of small and large stones joined with mud. But all the inner walls of the Santorin houses are covered with plaster and painted, whereas in Troy I never found a vestige of either plaster or painting. In the same way, all the Santorin pottery has painted ornaments, whereas, on the Trojan terra-cottas, all ornaments are engraved. These items may serve to guide us in fixing the chronology of the Trojan antiquities.

If the town or citadel, which I have brought to light in the depths of Hissarlik, were not the Homeric "Ilium," it would be very wonderful indeed that Professor Max Müller should find there, in primitive Phoenician characters, the name "Ιλιον" or "Ιλιον" on a terra-cotta seal, discovered in a depth of 7 mètres, or 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet; nor would it be less wonderful that I should have found there more than 100 of those elegant bright red goblets with two gigantic handles, which cannot be put down except on the mouth, of which no single example has ever yet been found elsewhere, and which I identify with the Homeric *δίπτες ἀμφικύπελλοι*; for I found the same even in the highest prehistoric stratum which just precedes the ruins of the Greek colony, and it must therefore have been in use for a series of centuries after the destruction of the Homeric Ilium. But it is still more wonderful than all the rest that I should find there hundreds of idols and vases with owl's heads, and the female figure, may even the petrified vertebra of an antediluvian animal modelled into an owl's head, if the citadel were not identical with the Homeric Troy, of which Homer makes the θεὰ γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη (literally translated the Goddess Athene with the owl's face), the patron goddess, for no such idol or vase with an owl's head has ever been discovered elsewhere. But since a Minerva with an owl's head seems somewhat incongruous with the Homeric idea of that goddess, I would suggest that she, as goddess of the rising sun, having first received the epithet γλαυκῶπις, with the meaning of owl light or glancing face, this ideal name was gradually forgotten, and Athene was thought to have an owl's head, and was represented so on the idols, because γλαύξ means an owl, and ὄψ means a face. But this change must have occurred at a very early period of the Trojan people, and certainly long before their first settlement in the Plain of Troy, for I found the owl's head modelled on vases and in monogram, even at a depth of

14 mètres, or 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and thus 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet below the foundations of the Homeric Ilios. It may be readily admitted, as M. Emile Burnouf suggests, that, civilisation having advanced, Minerva had at the time of Homer already thrown off her owl's head, and received a woman's face (her former owl's head having been converted into her favourite bird); whilst the goddess still preserved the epithet γλαυκῶπις, which had been consecrated by the use of a long series of centuries. But if so, I find it very strange that Homer should never have spoken of the owl as Athene's sacred bird.

The learned Professor says γλαυκῶπις cannot mean owl-headed, unless we suppose that Here βωῶπις, was represented as a cow-headed monster. Certainly she was represented so, just as her mother Rhea in Phrygia, and Demeter in the cave at Phigaleia, were represented with the head of a horse. Had the Greek Government accepted my offer to excavate Mycene and Olympia at my own expense, in consideration of a museum I engaged to build, and of my Trojan collection which I offered to present to the nation, I should no doubt long since have dug up in the former place lots of idols with cows' heads, for Mycene is too close to the great Ήραιον for Here not to be the patron-divinity of that place.

The learned Professor says: "Whatever goddess may be assigned to the Trojans in the Homeric poems, the real deities of that country were not Zeus or Athene, but the Kabeiroi, the Idaean Daktylooi, and the mother of the Gods." But, whencesoever he may have taken this information, it must necessarily be derived from Strabo (X., chap. iii., pages 364-368), who mentions it as occurring in the legends gathered by Demetrius of Skepsis, the same man who identifies the site of Troy with that of Ιλιον Κύρη, and whose theory has been upset by my excavations in that locality. It appears very strange indeed that the learned Professor, who peremptorily rejects the existence of Homer and of an Homeric Ilium, and the historical character of the war of Troy, though acknowledged by all antiquity, should believe in and publicly defend the legends gathered by a man like Demetrius, whose tales are every way overthrown by my researches. In fact, had the cultus of the Kabeiroi, the Idaean Daktylooi, and Rhea existed at Troy, it could not have passed away with such a materialising people as the Ilians, without leaving most evident traces of its existence. But since I found no vestige of such a cultus, and, on the contrary, hundreds of idols of the owl-headed Minerva—which Homer describes to us as the patron-deity of the place—the learned Professor's argument does not sustain a single moment's discussion.

The learned Professor calls the Trojans barbarians, or at least non-Hellenic. But I think he proves himself, by his interpretation of the inscriptions on the Trojan seal, that they spoke Greek, and this is further proved by the fact that they turned the figurative epithet of their patron-deity, γλαυκῶπις, into an owl's head. Besides, Mr. Gladstone proves in his celebrated work, *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*, beyond any doubt that the Trojans were Pelasgians, and, as such, they must needs have spoken Greek or a kindred dialect. Professor Müller further says: "To look for the treasure of the Homeric Priamos at Hissarlik would be like looking for the treasure of the Niebelunge at Worms, or for the bracelet of Helle in the Dardanelles." If I had been excavating for three years at Hissarlik without discovering anything, I should have had to accept this observation as perfectly just; but since my gigantic labours have been crowned with full success, since I have dug up the real Homeric Troy, and the treasure of its last king, I think, and with me every man will think, the learned Professor's remark as unjust as it is unfounded. The tradition, of which Homer makes himself the echo, called the last king Priamos; and as long as we have no proofs to the contrary, we can have

no reason whatever to doubt that this name is correct. But even if it could be proved that Homer and the tradition were mistaken, and that this last king had another name, I do not see how this could diminish the charm which the treasure must have for every admirer of Homer. It is certain that the Homeric Troy, which had no Pergamos, and which is only 140 mètres long by 90 mètres broad, cannot have stood a ten years' siege by an army of 110,000 men, and thus it is equally certain that Homer has magnified the extent of the city as much as he has magnified the events of the war. But the historical character of the Trojan war has never been doubted in classical antiquity, nor can it be doubted by anyone who looks on the calcined ruins of the Homeric Ilium, or on the large treasure found close to the king's *μήρα* on the great wall. However, this is not the only treasure I found. I discovered on the same premises another treasure of golden bars and magnificent gold ornaments, which was stolen from me and hid by my labourers, and which has, at the end of December, been seized by the Ottoman Government. (See the *Levant Herald* of January 7, 1874.) Treasures were never left behind in peaceful times; and I venture to say that there is no instance of a single gold, pearl, or golden ring, and much less a golden goblet, or even a whole treasure, being turned up in the strata of prehistoric ages.

As soon as Greece is blessed with a Ministry which is free from jealousy, selfishness, and egotism, and which understands that this country possesses a boundless wealth in its antiquities, I shall at once begin the excavations in Mycene, which will no doubt throw still more light on the Greek expedition against the Homeric Troy and its chronology.

H. SCHLIEMANN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, Feb. 14, 3 p.m. Saturday Popular Concerts. (Last appearance of Billow.)

„ Crystal Palace Concerts (Joachim).

8 p.m. First night of the *White Pilgrim*

at the Court Theatre.

MONDAY, Feb. 16, 1 p.m. Sale of old playbills and dramatic MSS. at Sotheby's.

3 p.m. Asiatic.

4 p.m. London Institution: Mr. E. B. Tylor on "The Development of Civilisation" (II.).

7 p.m. Entomological.

8 p.m. Monday Popular Concert (Joachim and Agnes Zimmermann).

„ Medical. Surveyors: Mr. Clutton on "The Self-sown Oak Woods of Sussex."

8.30 p.m. Royal United Service Institution: Dr. Maclean on "Sanitary Precautions to be observed in the Moving and Camping of Troops in Tropical Regions."

TUESDAY, Feb. 17, 1 p.m. Sale of china and old furniture at Christie's.

„ Sale of books and MSS. at Sotheby's.

7.45 p.m. Statistical.

8 p.m. Society of Arts; African Section: Mr. Trelawny Saunders on "The Present Aspects of Africa, with reference to the Development of Civilised Trade with the Interior."

„ Civil Engineers, Pathological. Anthropological.

8.30 p.m. Zoological.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18, 1 p.m. Horticultural.

7 p.m. London Institution: Mr. Hale on "Samson Agonistes." Meteorological.

8 p.m. *Messiah* at Royal Albert Hall.

„ Telegraph Engineers: Mr. Holmes on "The Use of Torpedoes in War."

THURSDAY, Feb. 19, 1 p.m. Sale of English engravings at Sotheby's.

4 p.m. Zoological.

6 p.m. Royal Society Club.

7 p.m. Numismatic.

8 p.m. Mr. Leslie's Choir at St. James's Hall.

„ Linnean. Chemical.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries. Royal: Mr. Higgins on the Motion of Nebulae.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: Mr. Vernon Heath on the Autotype and other photographic processes and discoveries.

„ Philological: Mr. Rieu on "Persian and its Affinities." Geological (Anniversary).

SCIENCE.

A History of the Mathematical Theories of Attraction and the Figure of the Earth, from the Time of Newton to that of Laplace. By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S. Two Volumes. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.)

SCIENTIFIC men must often experience a feeling not far removed from alarm, when they contemplate the flood of new knowledge which each year brings with it. New societies spring into existence, with their Proceedings and Transactions, laden with the latest discoveries, and new journals continually appear in response to the growing demand for popular science. Every year the additions to the common stock of knowledge become more bulky, if not more valuable, and one is impelled to ask, Where is this to end? Most students of science who desire something more than a general knowledge, feel that their powers of acquisition and retention are already severely taxed. It would seem that any considerable addition to the burden of existing information would make it almost intolerable.

It may be answered that the tendency of real science is ever towards simplicity; and that those departments which suffer seriously from masses of undigested material are also those which least deserve the name of science. Happily, there is much truth in this. A new method, or a new mode of conception, easily grasped when once presented to the mind, may supersede at a stroke the results of years of labour, making clear what was before obscure, and binding what was fragmentary into a coherent whole. True progress consists quite as much in the more complete assimilation of the old, as in the accumulation of new facts and inferences, which in many cases ought to be regarded rather as the raw materials of science than as science itself. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that the present generation can afford to ignore the labours of its predecessors, or to assume that so much of them as is really valuable will be found embodied in recent memoirs and treatises. Of the dangers of such a course History gives ample warning. The case of Young will at once suggest itself as that of a man who from various causes did not succeed in gaining due attention from his contemporaries. Positions which he had already occupied were in more than one instance reconquered by his successors at a great expense of intellectual energy.

It is one of the objects of books like Mr. Todhunter's to check this deplorable waste of labour, by bringing together all the writings of the older authors which bear on certain selected subjects. No one who has not tried it, can imagine how much time is lost in hunting backwards and forwards through endless Transactions and periodicals in various tongues, many of them difficult of access, for memoirs of which after all the value may prove very trifling. When the problem in hand is of no great difficulty, the student may even find an independent attack the shortest in the end. There cannot be two opinions as to the great importance of the work that Mr. Todhunter has undertaken.

It is one demanding much clear-sightedness and patience, and we are not surprised to learn that it occupied seven years. Some may think that the same talents and industry would be better devoted to original work; but it must be allowed that to elucidate and render accessible the labours of others may be a service as valuable as the addition of new material to the common store. To deny this would be to commit an error parallel to that of some economists, who glorify the labourer and manufacturer at the expense of the merchant.

The theory of Attraction and of the Figure of the Earth is a subject to which most of the greatest mathematicians have contributed. In itself of great interest, it was the occasion of the invention of the mathematical weapons which have since been so successfully used in almost all branches of Physics. The first steps, or rather strides, were made by Newton. His theorems with respect to the attraction of spheres,—that a spherical shell exerts no force on an internal particle, and attracts an external one exactly as if its mass were concentrated at the centre—are the foundation of the whole subject, and it is difficult to imagine anything more simple and beautiful than his exposition of them. To him we owe the first investigation of the earth's figure. A mass of uniform attracting fluid, if at rest, would evidently shape itself into a sphere. The question is, How will this form be altered when the whole revolves? What will be the effect of the centrifugal force? Newton's solution of this important problem was not complete; but on the assumption that the form might be that of an oblate spheroid—or, as Mr. Todhunter calls it, an *oblatum*—he investigated the degree of eccentricity and the law of variation of gravity at the surface. Though progress had been made by Stirling and Clairaut, the gap in Newton's work was not fully filled up until the time of Maclaurin, who proved conclusively that the conditions of relative equilibrium were satisfied in the case of an *oblatum*.

The period embraced in Mr. Todhunter's history extends to the first quarter of the present century. Perhaps this was the best point at which to stop, though a slight sketch of more recent discoveries would have been acceptable. The most important part of the work considered as a book of reference, is probably the analysis of the memoirs of Legendre and Laplace; but for the genuine student of scientific history the earlier efforts are of equal, if not superior, interest. The whole work bears evidence of its author's well-known care; and the claims of the various mathematicians whose labours are reviewed, appear to be discussed with perfect impartiality. D'Alembert and Ivory are perhaps those whose reputation suffers most in Mr. Todhunter's hands, while Laplace takes a position even higher than had been assigned to him by previous writers. Without a complete survey of earlier memoirs, it was difficult to know how much of the *Mécanique Céleste* was original, and how much borrowed; for Laplace, like too many modern French writers, was not in the habit of acknowledging his obligations.

In such a work as that before us accuracy

and completeness are almost everything, and minor defects may well be passed over. Of course many points are discussed which admit of some difference of opinion. In estimating the value of various contributions to his subject, Mr. Todhunter shows perhaps a tendency to prefer rigour of treatment to originality of conception. But the strictest proof is not always the most instructive, nor even the most convincing. To deserve the name of demonstration an argument should make its subject-matter plain, and not merely force an almost unwilling assent.

RAYLEIGH.

Numismatic and other Antiquarian Illustrations of the Rule of the Sassanians in Persia, A.D. 226-652. By Edward Thomas. (London: Trübner.)

It is not too much to say that the greatest numismatic enterprise of this century, so far as the coins of the East are concerned, is about to be undertaken in the publication of a new edition of Marsden's *Numismata Orientalia*. In this work, which should deserve the name of a Cyclopaedia of Oriental Numismatics, it is proposed that individual sections should be separately and exhaustively treated by some of the best-known numismatic scholars of Europe.

The volume now before us is an outline of what we may look for in that division of this great work which will deal with the coins of the Sassanian Fire-worshippers, and which has been entrusted to Mr. Thomas. This last essay, which is avowedly intended as a basis for a larger treatise on the same subject in the *Numismata Orientalia*, sufficiently proves that the hope for a more complete realisation of the high expectations which Mr. Thomas's former works have raised and sustained rests on firm ground.

It may be objected that the subject of the coins of the Sassanians has already received full justice at the hands of Dr. Mordtmann, and that a second treatise would be superfluous; but to this we cannot assent. Dr. Mordtmann's work, excellent as it is as a summary of what had been done by Mr. Thomas and others, before its publication, in the branch of coin-lore of which it treats, and as the exponent of Dr. Mordtmann's own opinions, yet leaves room for much addition and improvement, not to say correction; and surely no hand is better fitted for this task than that from which a very great part of Dr. Mordtmann's book is derived. A comparison of the *Erklärung der Münzen mit Pehlvi-legenden* with Mr. Thomas's last work will show many points of difference, some of which are of no little importance, and all of which demonstrate the boon which will be afforded to numismatists when Mr. Thomas carries out his intention of writing an extended treatise on Sassanian coins. Moreover, the English scholar has a considerable advantage over Dr. Mordtmann in being able to bring into the field all the artillery of the British collections, to which the industrious German was unable to obtain access.

It is partly in the character of a harbinger of a larger work, and partly for its own intrinsic merit, that we welcome Mr. Thomas's essay: it is for the more com-

plete and systematic treatise that we would reserve our criticism, though we cannot forbear to mention a few of the salient points of the volume now before us.

Most of us know the general appearance of a Sassanian coin, with the bust of the king (sometimes with his queen and son) on one side, and on the other the fire-altar, with the worshipping monarch or attendant *mōbed*. The chief subject of interest on the obverse is the form of the king's tiara and his mode of trimming and curling his beard. Besides the fact that a coin with illegible inscriptions may often be satisfactorily assigned to its proper place by indications in the head-dress of the king, an additional interest accrues to this portion of the coin-representations when we find that the changes in the head-dress were probably typical of an accession of territory and a consequent assumption of greater state and sovereignty. On this Mr. Thomas has some interesting notes, which we quote; he is speaking of the founder of the Sassanian dynasty:—

"Ardeschir's earliest coinage clearly imitates, in the treatment of the head-dress, the recognised style of the front face of Vologeses V. This assimilation may either refer to his assumption of the sovereignty of Johar, the local ruler of Persepolis, during the lifetime of Vologeses V., or may, perhaps, be designed to indicate the later defeat of Vologeses VI. in Kermán. The next gradation in the State currency is indicated by Ardeschir's modified reproduction of the archaic plaited hair and beard, which was probably intended to denote the revival and reassertion of the ancient Persian empire, combined with the reverse device of the new Zoroastrianism matured amid the Fire-temples of the South. The original Parthian tiara of Mithridates I. (B.C. 173, 136), is associated with an absolute likeness of that great conqueror, who, in effect, raised the Parthian monarchy to the higher rank of the Arsacid empire. There can be no question, in this instance, as to the modern profile, which is absolutely identical with some of the more finished portraits of Mithridates I. on his own proper coins of four centuries' prior date. It is evident that the head of the Sassanian period was an intentional copy of the old model, and it is in nowise to be confounded with any attempt at a subdued likeness of Ardeschir himself, whose type of countenance will be seen to differ entirely, both in the numismatic and sculptured examples, from the physiognomy of the Parthian Emperor; while Ardeschir's name and titles which surround the central device declare his accession to the supreme authority, and the fall of the last scion of the house of Arsaces, the bust of whose most prominent ancestor appears upon the field, and on the reverse, the new symbol of the Sassanian Fire-altar supersedes the Parthian bowman. These changes of course point to Ardeschir's final conquest over Ardeván and the consolidation of the restored Persian monarchy. The latest development of emblematic varieties is to be found in the mural crown adopted by Ardeschir and copied by Sapor, which would appear to have been a rehabilitation of the coronet of Darius the Mede, the adversary of Anthony. The appropriation of which may be taken to allude to the final and hard-won conquest of Atropatene and Armenia."

However much we may be disposed to question the possibility of any absolutely certain interpretation of this symbolism or any indisputable arrangement of the sequence of types, we must yet admit the reasonableness of Mr. Thomas's view, as well as the real importance of the line of study.

Out of many interesting points in the

book we select one which Mr. Thomas seems satisfactorily to have established. On the reverse of all the early Sassanian coins there is, round the fire-altar, an inscription containing the name of the king and a disputed word. On a coin of Ardeschir this inscription would stand thus:—"Artahshatr nuvázi." Mr. Thomas, basing his opinion on the connection between *nuvázi* and *náus* "a fire-temple" (in the Pahlavi vocabulary of the Farhang-i-Jehangír), translates the inscription "Ardeschir's Fire-altar." But Dr. Mordtmann, objecting that *náus* is nothing but the Greek *raóς* (a consideration which surely does not affect the question), substitutes the reading *nuwaz*, and translates "the suppliant" ("der Anrufende") Ardeschir. This rendering is intelligible enough on those coins on which the king is represented praying at the side of the altar; but, as Mr. Thomas argues, how can we account for the inscription being identically the same on coins which have only the bust of the king on the obverse and no representation of him by the altar on the reverse? Mr. Thomas has brought forward a very strong piece of evidence for the correctness of his reading, by his interpretation of the legend on a coin of Varahrán II. If his translation of this legend, *atúr zi ladi* [*kadi*] *Varahrán* "fire of King Varahrán," be admitted,—and it is difficult to see how it can justly be rejected (waiving the discussion as to the substitution of *k* for *l* in *ladi*),—his rendering of *nuvázi* is made probable almost to demonstration. One of the coins (no. 40) published in this essay is most remarkable, and worthy of careful study. On it Mr. Thomas reads the words *avasta murtá*, "The Image of Avesta." The Pahlavi characters of the former word present no ambiguity: and there can be little doubt about the correctness of *murtá*. The interest of the coin is, therefore, not only religious but also philological, as it bears upon the orthography of the name Avesta. We would also call special attention to the sections on the mints of Feróz and his successors, and on the temporary issues of Hormazd III. The engravings of the coins are boldly yet delicately executed, and contrast favourably with the light outlines of the recently published plates of the late General Bartholomäi's collection.

STANLEY LANE POOLE.

DR. STRAUSS.

THE most famous of the destructive theologians of Germany—the only one, we may say, whose name is a household word in this country as well as his own—has just died. It is nearly forty years since the publication of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* broke up the hollow truce between Reason and Tradition which the dominant philosophy had effected. To the religious public of Great Britain, innocent of Hegelianism, and very little acquainted with the Old-rationalistic method of scriptural interpretation against which half of Strauss's strictures are directed, this book has always remained really incomprehensible. Strauss's acceptance of Christian dogma, while he rejected the Christian story, has seemed to most a feeble accommodation-theory, hastily thrown up to meet the convenience of free-thinking ministers: and this view has been confirmed by the author's subsequent abandonment of this philosophical quasi-orthodoxy. But in the mere combination of what

claimed to be a kind of dogmatic orthodoxy with a disbelief in miracle, Strauss followed strictly in the footsteps of Hegel, whose influence in 1835 was still nearly at its height; for with all its air of conservatism, in Hegel's doctrine of Nature the repudiation of the miraculous is as much implied as it is in the assumptions of modern physical science: and the theological dispute between the "Right" and "Left" centres, into which Strauss was said to have split the Hegelian school, turned much more on the content of the Hegelian neodogmatism than on its relation to the Gospel narratives. In fact, Strauss' treatment of these narratives is a particular answer to a question which Hegelianism obviously suggests: "If Christian dogma is profoundly rational, and if at the same time Miracle is to be excluded from our representation of the development of the world in time, how then did the narratives of miracles grow up?" Some originality was required to find the answer in an adaptation of an already current method of interpreting polytheistic fables; but the effectiveness of Strauss' work lies less in his exposition of the mythical theory than in the elaborate and exhaustive manner in which the ground was cleared for it. In the region of historical criticism the Myth-theory was soon thrown into the shade by the Tendency-theory of Baur and his disciples: which has at least the advantage of giving a more definite stimulus to historical research: and when Strauss nearly thirty years afterwards re-edited his *Leben Jesu* "für das deutsche Volk," it was regarded by sober critics as an extravagant exaggeration of what is undoubtedly a *vera causa* of miraculous narratives.

Strauss' style has merits very rare in German prose, to which we may attribute a part of the influence of his writings. In the utmost intricacy and complexity of the details with which he deals, his exposition never loses any of its vigour or lucidity: though often ungraceful, his writing has always a hard definite transparency which gives it the highest degree of controversial effectiveness.

His non-theological books represent rather the literary occupations in which a man, *destitutus* and hunted by the world, takes refuge for a living or for consolation, but they do not attach themselves in any very definite sense to the main position which makes Strauss famous in the history of thought.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A MAGNIFICENT dolmen, apparently belonging to the stone age, has been discovered near Conflans, where the Oise flows into the Seine. The barrow is two mètres wide, two deep, and eight long. The vertical walls are lined with slabs of stone, and have a superficial extent of two mètres. In this ancient Keltic burial-place, no less than seventeen human skeletons have been found, besides a number of daggers in cut silex, stone hatchets and stone vases. It is divided into three chambers separated by slabs of stones placed vertically, and in this and in all other respects seems, according to the description given of it in the *Chronique*, to agree exactly with the dolmens in Brittany described in James Fer-gusson's *Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries*.

The dolmen now discovered has been bought by the Musée de Saint-Germain, and will, it is understood, be built up in trenches outside the Museum.

Effect of Variations in the Nature of Food on the Composition of the Bones.—In a series of researches recently published by H. Weiske and E. Wildt in the *Zeitschrift für Biologie* (Band vii. and viii.), they showed, from experiments on adult goats, that the withdrawal of lime or phosphoric acid from the food produced little or no influence on the composition of the bones, and, in particular, did not render them more friable, although it did interfere with the general nutrition of the animals, and ultimately led to death. Still more recently (*Zeitschrift für Biologie*,

Band ix., p. 541) they have made an additional series of experiments, in which the subjects have been young lambs of the Southdown breed. Their age was about ten weeks. One of these was fed on food poor in phosphoric acid, a second on food poor in lime, and a third on normal diet; the latter, of course, serving as a means of comparison. After the lapse of fifty-five days, the animals were killed and an analysis of various bones made. The general result was that, just as in adults, so in young animals, no remarkable change was produced in the composition of the several bones by the different diets. In other words, the composition of the bones is independent of the nature of the food. The bones were, however, stunted in their growth as compared with those of the animal supplied with normal diet.

Origin and Development of the Coloured Blood Corpuscles in Man.—Dr. H. D. Schmidt, of New Orleans, in a communication read before the Royal Microscopical Society (January 7, 1874), stated that for the last four years he has been engaged in the study of the development of the nervous tissues, but has also taken the opportunity of paying some attention to the development of the coloured corpuscles of the blood. In one instance he obtained a human ovum, which, with its membranes, did not exceed 2½ centimetres in diameter, half-an-hour after its expulsion. On opening the membrane a rudiment of an embryo appeared with its umbilical vesicle. The walls of the vesicle contained blood-vessels; and when a small portion was cut away and examined under the microscope, the walls of the vesicle were found to be composed of very large and clear hexagonal cells containing a large round nucleus, which proved to be the primary organs of origin of the coloured blood-corpuscles. The blood-corpuscles contained in the anastomosing canals were of the usual yellowish tint, entirely homogeneous in composition, soft, elastic, and round. No trace of the existence of a membrane could be discovered in their fresh and unchanged condition. The greater portion of them were of the size of the fully developed human corpuscles, and differed from these in no way, excepting that the central depression was either wanting, or but slightly marked. The larger specimens, consisting of breeding or mother corpuscles, had a diameter varying from $\frac{5}{600}$ to $\frac{5}{500}$ mm., or even more. These bodies contained within their substance embryo blood-corpuscles, and many of them furthermore distinguished themselves from other blood-corpuscles, by certain regularly formed concave depressions on their surface, corresponding to the segment of a sphere, and indicating the place where the young corpuscle had been detached from the mother body. Whilst the larger of these mother bodies contained from three to four embryo corpuscles, the smaller ones usually contained but one. From careful examination of these bodies, he believes that the process of development of the corpuscles in the mother cells consists in the separation of a small globular portion in the substance of the corpuscle, and near the surface. This, enlarging at the expense of the parent cell, makes its way to the surface, and, finally detaching itself, leaves behind a concave depression corresponding to its form. Judging from the number of depressions presented by many mother corpuscles, as well as from the young blood contained in them, this process appeared to have repeated itself from three to four times in the same body. The reproductive power did not always seem to be in a constant proportion to the size, as in some instances the smaller ones showed as many depressions as the larger. In some instances also three generations were represented in one body, the young corpuscle bearing with its substance another early corpuscle even prior to its own birth.

Methods of investigating the Nervous System.—An elaborate paper, by W. Betz, with this heading appears in the last part of Schultze's *Archiv für mikroskopische Anatomie* (Band ix. p. 101). He

first describes the mode of hardening the cord and pons Varolii; next the mode of preparing transverse sections; thirdly, the mode of colouring them; and lastly, the mode of mounting them. In regard to the first point, he recommends the whole spinal cord to be removed from the dura mater, and suspended for from one to three days in a tall jar containing seventy-five to eighty per cent. spirit, just stained yellow with iodine. At the expiration of this time the cord is to be taken out and the pia mater and arachnoid stripped off, and it is then to be returned to the spirit, which will now be found to be nearly colourless, owing to the absorption of the iodine by the nervous tissue; from day to day a drop of a strong solution of iodine in spirit is to be added till the metalloid ceases to be absorbed—which is usually the case within six days. It is now removed to a three per cent. solution of bichromate of potash. The cervical region hardens most rapidly; the dorsal region most slowly. The temperature should be cool, but not cold. The completion of the hardening process is recognised by the fluid becoming cloudy, and the formation of a brown precipitate. The fragments may then be washed and preserved in a half to one per cent. solution of bichromate of potash for many months. Proper directions are given for the cerebellum and for the cerebrum. To make good sections, M. Betz has invented a microtome. The colouring is effected by placing the sections in frequently-renewed water for one to three days, and then immersing them in carmine-ammonia. The specimen should be put up in Dammar resin.

Functions of the Cerebrum.—A short pamphlet has just been published by M. Dupuy on this subject, in which he gives the details of a considerable number of experiments he has made with a view of testing the accuracy of Professor Ferrier's researches, and he has arrived at the following conclusions:—

1. That it is possible by exciting certain points of the cortical layer of the cerebrum to obtain contractions in every limb.
2. That as a rule the fore-limb of the opposite side is that affected.
3. That the electric current must be propagated to the base of the cerebrum to excite either the nerves which arise from it, or the base itself, or the pons Varolii.
4. That if the dura mater be electrically excited, contractions are observed in the fore-leg, and generally in that of the opposite side.
5. The fact that the galvanoscopic frog is thrown into a state of contraction when its nerve touched some point of the cerebral mass far from the point excited, confirms the view that the electric current is propagated.
6. Contrary to the effects obtained by Ferrier, M. Dupuy has never been able to obtain any effects upon the tongue either of projection or of retraction.
7. The whole cortical layer of the cerebrum is probably a centre of reflexion for a certain kind of sensibility capable of exerting a reflex action on motor or sensory nerves, but that its preservation is not indispensable for the manifestation of voluntary and even intelligent action.
8. In the animals on which M. Dupuy has experimented, contractions of the opposite limbs can still be produced, even after the ablation of the optic thalami and corpora striata of the opposite side to that on which the irritation is applied.

A VERY interesting contribution to our knowledge of the phenomena of sensitiveness in the leaves of the sundew is contained in a paper by Mrs. Mary Treat, in the number of the *American Naturalist* for December 1873. She had chiefly observed *Drosera filiformis*, a New Jersey species with leaves large enough to entrap moths and butterflies as much as two inches across. In this species, as well as in *D. longifolia* and *rotundifolia*, the glands of the leaves in a short time curve round and completely enclose live flies or pieces

of raw meat (and in the last-mentioned species also a piece of apple), apparently deriving nourishment from them. By mineral substances, as dry chalk, magnesia, or pebbles, the glands were in no way excited, while a piece of wet chalk caused the bristles to curve round it, but they soon unfolded again, leaving the chalk perfectly free. This observation that the leaves of *Drosera* are not sensitive to inorganic substances is in harmony with unpublished observations of Mr. Darwin's and with those by Mr. A. W. Bennett, presented to the Bradford meeting of the British Association. But the most extraordinary of Mrs. Treat's statements is that in the case of *D. filiformis*, when a living fly is pinned at the distance of half an inch from the apex of the leaf,* the glands and leaf itself bend towards the insect and at length completely envelope it. Notwithstanding that this irritability of the leaves of the sundew has been known since the time of Roth, who published on it in 1782, much has yet to be learned in regard to its physiological nature, its causes, and its object.

MESSRS. LAWES & GILBERT have published an exhaustive treatise under the title *Report of Experiments on the Growth of Barley for Twenty Years in Succession on the same Land*. The main results are the same as those previously obtained by the same gentlemen in the case of wheat; viz., that when the same crop is grown consecutively on the same ground for a series of years, mineral manures alone fail to enable the plant to obtain sufficient nitrogen and carbon to yield even a fair crop; that nitrogenous manures alone increase it very considerably; but that the largest crops are obtained when nitrogen and mineral manures are applied together. In the case of barley these combined manures gave, for twenty years in succession on the same land, rather more of both corn and straw than farmyard manure did, considerably more than the average barley crop of the country grown under a system of rotation of crops, and an average weight per bushel of between fifty-three and fifty-four pounds. Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert's treatise should be in the hands of every practical agriculturist.

THE Emperor of Austria has appointed Dr. Franz Brentano, late Professor of Philosophy at Würzburg, to the Professorship of Philosophy in the University of Vienna.

DR. A. G. THEORELL, of Upsala, has invented a most ingenious meteorograph, which by the agency of powerful electro-magnetic batteries can be made to register meteorological phenomena for a period of six or even eight months. It takes cognisance of, and registers independently of all further aid, the barometric and thermometric conditions of the atmosphere, together with the degree of moisture, the force of the wind, and the direction and velocity of the atmospheric currents for the hour at which the instrument is set.

WE are informed that a number of persons at Zürich have entered into a compact to make such provisions as lie within their own power, to secure that their bodies shall after death be burnt, and not buried in the ordinary manner. This idea of cremation in opposition to burial is engaging the attention of professional and scientific men in other parts of the Continent. At Leipzig, Dr. Reclam has made it the subject of a special address, in which he minutely described the process by which, through the agency of excessive heat and by means of various chemical agents, human remains may in the course of twenty minutes, or less, be reduced to a handful of snowy white ashes, which may either be enclosed within a small urn for preservation, or be scattered abroad over the ground. The immediate cost of this process of human cremation is estimated by the learned Professor at from 2 to 3 thalers; but he

conjectures that a sum of nearly 15,000 thalers, or about 2,140*l.*, would be required to defray the original expenses of the buildings and apparatus necessary for the process.

M. FERDINAND DELAUNAY has read before the last two meetings of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* a paper detailing the results of an examination of parts of the Sibylline books, with a view to the determination of their date and authorship. That these books, as they have reached us, are composed of a patchwork of fragments of diverse dates, was first maintained by M. Alexandre, who proceeded to indicate in Book III. two fragments, the older of which he attributed to an Alexandrian Jew, who wrote n.c. 160. M. Delaunay recognises a much larger number of fragments, dating from the end of the third century n.c. to the commencement of the Christian era; he also sees in the older portions the productions of the Jews of Alexandria. He divides the two fragments of M. Alexandre each into four separate bits of different dates, one of them, the apostrophe to Greece, written about the epoch of the Achaean League. About 200 lines of this book consist of mere shreds put together without any coherence or continuity of ideas. Some of these seem to belong to the time of the Macedonian War and the reign of Ptolemy Philometor. None of the fragments of Book III. present the complete text of an oracle, while Book IV. seems on the other hand to be complete, and to form a unity. M. Delaunay promises to continue his investigation of the question.

M. HALÉVY, in a paper read to the *Société de Linguistique* upon the Talmudic and mediaeval Asmodeus, and his non-identity with the Persian *Aēshma dāēva*, has advanced arguments to show that the origin of the Zend-Avesta is posterior to the age of Alexander. He has also discussed the geography of the Zoroastrian books, the centre of which he places in Armenia. These views have led to a discussion between their holder and Messieurs Oppert and Robiou.

DR. DRECHSLER, Director of the Mathematico-Physical Cabinet at Dresden, has had the happy idea of reproducing the famous Arabic celestial globe, preserved in the museum of Dresden. He has also published a pamphlet, containing a detailed description of it. Seven such globes are to be found in European museums, viz.: two in London (at the Royal Astronomical and the Royal Asiatic Society), two at St. Petersburg, one in the collection of the late Cardinal Borgia, one in Paris, and the one in question at Dresden. Out of these seven the last is really the most worthy to be reproduced, on account of its having been constructed about the year 1279 A.D., by Mohamed ben Mowayed el-Ordhi (not el-Ardhi, as Dr. D. writes, Ordhi being a small place near Tadmor or Palmyra), under the guidance of his father, the celebrated astronomer Mowayed, who made astronomical observations at Maragah, together with Holagu, king of the Mongols. In spite of the descriptions, more or less fully given by Assemani, Sedillot, Professor B. Dorn, and Schier, of some of the above-mentioned globes, Dr. Drechsler's reproduction will be most welcome to students of astronomy, for nothing can give a better idea of a globe than a fac-simile like this, the technical execution of which is excellent. The descriptive pamphlet is rather meagre, and does not add much to the explanation of the names of the stars to be found on the globe. All Arabic sources having been exhausted by Dr. D.'s predecessors, he ought to have resorted to the works of Jewish astronomers, such as Abraham Ibn Ezra, Levi ben Gersom, and others, who translate the Arabic names of the stars into Hebrew. Dr. D. has completed his work in a manner worthy of his reputation as an astronomer.

AT a meeting of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* on January 30, M. Grivel sought to show that the biblical Nimrod is no other than the Babylonian god Merodach. The name is a

Semites (Nifal) form of the Accadian Amar-ud, "the circle of the sun," from which the Assyrian Merodach was derived. Mr. Sayce pointed out the same fact in a paper read before the Society of Biblical Archaeology about a year ago. M. Grivel remarked that Merodach is called "the messenger who goes before the Lord," and stated his belief that this was the original reading of the passage in Genesis, afterwards corrupted by a copyist who had mistaken a letter, and so changed "messenger" into "hunter." Such a view, however, is by no means necessary, since Merodach is regarded as a "mighty hunter" in the mythological tablets, where we find him accompanied by four divine dogs, "the Avenger, the Devourer, the Seizer, and the Consumer" (W. A. I. iii. 56). The identification of Nimrod with Merodach seems quite certain when we consider, what M. Grivel does not appear to have noticed, that Nimrod and Asshur stand in the same relation to one another in the Old Testament as Merodach and Asshur in the inscriptions. The one was the patron-deity of Babylon, the other of Assyria.

BLOW after blow falls on the University of Berlin. Mommsen has left, and now we hear of the death of Moritz Haupt. He died on February 5, at the age of sixty-six. He began his professorial career at Leipzig, under Gottfried Hermann, whose daughter he married. His lectures, both on Latin and German literature, which he delivered at Leipzig, were most attractive and animated, though sometimes marred by personal invective. In his Latin Society at Leipzig, he formed some of the best scholars of the day. When in 1853 he went to Berlin, to succeed his friend Lachmann, he lectured chiefly on Latin and Latin literature, though, like Lachmann, he always kept up an active interest in German scholarship. In exact and critical knowledge of the classics, Haupt was probably without an equal in Europe. In politics he was a liberal, before the days when liberalism was a safe amusement. Like Mommsen, he was once deprived of his professorship on account of his political opinions. He was an intimate friend of the Grimms, and of Hoffmann von Fallersleben, whose death we recorded some weeks ago. We are glad to learn that the rumour of the death of Professor Petermann, one of the best Oriental scholars of the University of Berlin, is contradicted.

THE January number of the *Journal des Savants* contains an article by M. Renan, on Ignatius of Antioch. The only one of the Epistles ascribed to Ignatius which he accepts as authentic is that to the Romans.

A CURIOUS statement appears in the *Rappel*. M. Charles Blondel, a young Greek scholar, has left among his papers a copy made by himself from an ancient MS. of the *Iliad*, which contains the same scholia as the Codex A at Venice, and supplies *lacunae* in the Venice scholia, extending, it is said, to 935 verses. As neither the place nor the age of the MS. is given, we must wait for more exact information.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY (Monday, Feb. 9).

AT the ordinary fortnightly meeting of this society, on Monday evening last, the President, the Right Hon. Sir Bartle Frere, in the chair, a paper was read on "A Journey outside the Great Wall of China," by Dr. S. W. Bushell, physician to the British Legation at Peking. The route taken was north-westerly, through Inner Mongolia to Kalgan, and thence north-easterly to Dolonnor (a large town the exact position of which was previously unknown), and Shang-tu, the old northern capital of the Yuan dynasty, described in glowing terms by Marco Polo. The ruins of Shang-tu, built by the famous Kublai Khan, were identified by the existence of a marble tablet, with an inscription of the thirteenth century. It is the

* What would some recent writers on vivisection say to this experiment?

place referred to by Coleridge in his well-known lines:—

"In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree," &c.

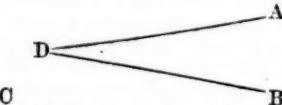
The author found the site a complete desert, overgrown with rank weeds and grass, the abode of foxes and owls, which prey on the numerous prairie rats and partridges. The walls of the city, built of earth faced with unhewn stone and brick, are still standing, but are more or less dilapidated, and the enclosed space is strewn with blocks of marble and other remains of large temples and palaces, while broken lions, dragons, and the remains of other carved monuments lie about in every direction, half hidden by the thick and tangled overgrowth. From Shang-tu the author travelled south-easterly past the great enclosed park called the Imperial Hunting-grounds, to the city of Jehol, and thence to Peking. A second paper was read on a Chinese subject by Mr. George Phillips, entitled "Notices of Southern Manchuria."

SOCIETY OF TELEGRAPH ENGINEERS.

On Wednesday last, Mr. Holmes read a preliminary paper on the History of Torpedoes, which was followed by a short discussion. It will be followed on Wednesday week by a paper on the use of torpedoes in war, which, with the discussion upon it, is expected to be of the highest interest.

ROYAL SOCIETY (Thursday, Feb. 12).

A PAPER by Sir B. C. Brodie, on the Synthetic Formation of Formic Aldehyde, was read. By submitting a mixture of carbonic acid and hydrogen to the action of the inductive discharge, the author had obtained a gaseous mixture which contained in 100 parts (after the removal of carbonic acid and carbonic oxide, and deducting a small quantity of nitrogen), 97·14 parts hydrogen, 0·1 marsh-gas, and 2·76 formic aldehyde. He considered that the reaction might be represented by the equation, $\text{CO}_2 + 2\text{H}_2 = \text{CH}_2\text{O} + \text{H}_2\text{O}$. Dr. E. A. Parkes gave an account of experiments on the Influence of Alcohol (brandy containing about 50 per cent. absolute alcohol) on the Temperature of the Body. The experiments were made on healthy soldiers, and care was taken to guard against the disturbing effects of exercise and food. The general result was a slight lowering of temperature, at most scarcely exceeding 0·4° Fahr., after administering brandy. Professor Tyndall gave a more detailed account of his researches into the Acoustic Transparency of the Atmosphere (to which reference has already been made in the ACADEMY), illustrating his conclusions by an experiment which proved that sound is to a great extent obstructed by a succession of alternate layers of carbonic acid and coal-gas. This effect Professor Tyndall, following Humboldt, attributes to the partial reflections of the sound-wave at the separating surfaces of the gaseous layers of different densities. A striking confirmation of this explanation was afforded by an experiment, devised by Mr. Coterell, which was exhibited to the meeting. Two tin tubes, each about a yard long, were placed horizontally, making an acute angle with each other, thus



A magneto-electric bell enclosed in a padded box was placed at A, a sensitive flame at B, and another sensitive flame at C. When the bell rang the flame at C was affected, while that at B remained quiet; but on placing a batswing gas-flame at D, or merely allowing the column of heated air from the flame to rise up past the ends of the tubes, the sound waves were reflected along the tube D B so as to agitate the flame at B, while in this case the flame at C was unaffected by them.

MATHEMATICAL (Thursday, Feb. 12).

PROFESSOR CLIFFORD read a paper on the Foundations of Dynamics; urging that force should be defined as rate of change of momentum considered as dependent upon position of surrounding bodies, and statics then founded on the doctrine of momenta. Remarks were made by Mr. Perigal, Mr. Wilkinson, and Mr. Moulton. Professor Clifford read a second paper on the Free Notion of a Solid in Elliptic Space.

DR. DORAN lectured last night at the Royal Institution, on the "Opponents of Shakespeare."

FINE ART.

Richard Wagner: his Tendencies and Theories.
By Edward Dannreuther. (London: Augener & Co.)

The Music of the Future: a Letter. By Richard Wagner, translated from the original German by Edward Dannreuther. (London: Schott & Co.)

The two works which we have placed together at the head of this article may be looked upon as mutually explanatory. Mr. Dannreuther, the author of the one and the translator of the other, is, so to speak, the chief apostle of Wagner in this country, and probably there is no man better qualified to treat of the art-problems propounded by the great German composer and author, whose writings are at this time arousing such attention and exciting such controversy among musicians. The pamphlet on 'Richard Wagner: his Tendencies and Theories' is, in the main, a reprint, with some additional elucidatory matter, of a series of articles which were published in the columns of the *Monthly Musical Record*; the letter by Wagner himself has not previously appeared in an English dress.

Whoever ventures to propound theories startling in their novelty and revolutionary in their tendency, is certain to excite strong feelings of partisanship. No living musician, probably, has at once such enthusiastic friends, and such bitter and determined enemies, as Richard Wagner. The latter fact is accounted for by Mr. Dannreuther in the following words:—

"There are three facts, I believe, to which nearly all the pen-and-ink quarrels concerning Wagner can be traced. First, that he published his criticisms and abstract theories at a time when his *later* works of art, by which alone these theories could receive their sanction, were little known, and but rarely and inadequately performed; secondly, that the social and political heresies, which he propounded by way of clearing the air and finding free breathing-space for his artistic ideals, frightened people; and, lastly, that he now and then thought fit to point his moral by attacking living men of repute—Meyerbeer, for instance—in a most savage and merciless manner."

It is no easy task, within the limits of such an article as the present, to summarise the contents of these two interesting little books; and the difficulty arises from the fact that the chain of reasoning is so close and so continuous as to be almost incapable of further condensation. Mr. Dannreuther himself remarks with respect to Wagner's writings (and the observation will as justly apply to his own pamphlet), "they want elucidation, illustration, and translation into a more popular phraseology, rather than further compression." All that will be possible here will be to notice some of the

conclusions arrived at, referring our readers in most cases for the processes by which these conclusions are reached to the works themselves.

And first it should be distinctly understood that Wagner's music is not, as commonly supposed, the result of certain preconceived theories; but that, on the contrary, these theories have gradually formed themselves in his mind during the process of composition. This will be seen clearly from many passages in the letter on "The Music of the Future," which are too long to quote here, in which Wagner points out how, in composing, he was hampered by the insufficiency of ordinary operatic forms, and thus driven to enquire in what way they could be modified to meet his requirements. He possesses in an unusual degree the power of analysing his own mental operations, and of explaining them clearly to his readers. Being also pre-eminently one who thinks for himself, his writings are invariably worthy of attention even from those who may differ from his conclusions.

It must, moreover, be borne in mind, that Wagner is above and before all a poet. This even his bitterest enemies will hardly deny. Had he never written a note of music, such *libretti* as those of his *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Tristan und Isolde*, and, perhaps, most of all, the *Ring des Nibelungen*, would have stamped him as the possessor of no ordinary poetical gifts. There are certainly no operas existing in which the drama bears so important a relation to the music as the works we have named. And the ground of this importance lies in what is in fact the fundamental peculiarity of Wagner's theories. He maintains that under Beethoven music pure and simple has attained its highest possible development; that having arrived at this point it demands to be joined with some other art, such as poetry or painting, and (to quote Mr. Dannreuther) "he points to the aberrations in which we find modern music under the hands of Berlioz, where it tries to accomplish what poetry alone can do, or to the latest French operas à la Meyerbeer, where it tries to construct a drama out of its own means by way of proof." Wagner's ideal drama then may be defined as one in which, instead of the music being the most important factor, as it is e.g. in the operas of Mozart, all the various arts, music, poetry, painting, mimetics, shall be fused and amalgamated into the new whole which he calls *das Drama*. He endeavours to "lead the full stream of Beethoven's music into a dramatic channel," and maintains that the music will thereby, instead of occupying, as might be anticipated, only a secondary position, acquire a power and a significance which, unaided by other arts, it could never hope to reach. How far this is the case can of course only be determined by the actual effect in performance of works constructed on this plan, and of this musicians in this country have as yet had no opportunity of forming an opinion, as the only work of Wagner's which has at present found its way to England is *Der Fliegende Holländer*—an opera which, while containing much that is highly characteristic of its composer, is by no means a complete exemplification of his later views.

It is this new combination of music with the other arts to which Wagner has given the name of the "art-work of the future."

Wagner, however, as Mr. Dannreuther points out in his essay, does not regard his late works, written as they are on this plan, as more than the germs of a new development in art. How far these works will exert a permanent influence on the composition of dramatic music it would be perhaps somewhat hazardous to prophesy. Mr. Dannreuther thinks that his influence is too great to be ever ignored; but it seems at least doubtful whether he will found a school of composers, as some of his great predecessors have done; nor is the reason for this far to seek. Much of the indisputable effect of Wagner's great lyric dramas depends undoubtedly on the masterly mutual adaptation to one another of poetry and music. He has himself been able to carry his own theories into practice, because he is at once poet and musician. But what other living composer is capable of writing such *libretti*? or what other poet could so accurately fit the appropriate music to his own dramatic conceptions? Wagner's works are in this respect perfectly unique, and it would be difficult, almost impossible, to find two men, one to write the drama, the other to set it to music, whose joint production should possess that perfectly homogeneous character which we find when both words and music emanate from the same brain. As regards mere externals, he can of course be imitated; other composers can copy his method of thematic treatment, his orchestration, nay, even his melodic style; but the one distinguishing feature which more than any other characterises his works—the wonderful "mutual penetration" (*Durchdringung*) of music and words—is hardly likely to be reproduced.

In the second section of his pamphlet, Mr. Dannreuther says that the real question at issue is not that of the relative inventive powers of various composers, but of the musical *form* in which their melodies are to be embodied. He gives us an abstract of the historical development of the opera as Wagner sketches it in his *Oper und Drama*, and points out more especially the utterly unsatisfactory character of the older operas as a whole, frequently owing to the miserable imbecility of the *libretti*. And here it may be remarked, parenthetically, that Mr. Dannreuther is not one of those injudicious and one-sided admirers of Wagner who attempt to exalt him by depreciating all other composers. Many of his foolish friends, abroad rather than in this country, have, by abusing everyone else in order to glorify their idol, done his cause as much or more harm than his strongest opponents. To this Wagner himself would be no party: he is indeed always ready to acknowledge the beauties to be met with in the works of his predecessors, but, as he himself says, it was precisely the combination of the wonderful dramatic moments with the veriest platitudes which showed him the unsatisfactory character of the present method of combining music and words, and induced him to look for a remedy. After tracing the history of opera down to its latest phase—the modern French "grand opera" of Meyerbeer on the one side, and the "naked, absolute, ear-tickling melody"

of Rossini on the other—Wagner arrives, by steps for which the reader must refer to the pamphlet itself, at the conclusion that either music or the drama alone is insufficient to produce a really satisfactory opera. The true solution of the problem is to be found in the union of all the arts upon equal terms, instead of music, as hitherto, taking the chief place, and the other branches of art holding a merely subordinate position. Music must thus forego some of her pretensions to pre-eminence, but, says Wagner, she thereby gains instead of losing.

The first and most obvious result of this perfect assimilation of music and words is the entire avoidance of all repetition of the text, and consequently the total abandonment of all the old-established forms—airs, duets, &c. And, as a matter of fact, in Wagner's last, and in many respects greatest work, the *Ring des Nibelungen*, we find no detached movements, scarcely even a fragment which can be extracted for concert performance. In the first part of this great tetralogy (*Das Rheingold*), there is not one single portion which can be effectively played apart from the whole, and only one ("Siegmund's Liebeslied") in *Die Walküre*, which follows. It must not, however, be therefore supposed that Wagner's music consists of nothing but a series of independent and incoherent phrases. On the contrary, few composers have pushed the science of what musicians call "thematic development" further than he. But this development in his hands is very different from what it has been with his predecessors, and requires repeated hearing, and even considerable familiarity with his music, for its just appreciation.

Wagner's method of treatment is somewhat as follows:—On the first enunciation of any salient point of the action, or the first expression of any particular sentiment, he accompanies it with its appropriate musical colouring; thereafter, whenever the thought either recurs or is suggested, the orchestra in its accompaniment recalls the theme which at first expressed it. But, just as in actual conversation, though the same thought might recur, one would never repeat *verbatim* a sentence previously uttered, so this musical suggestion comes back in a more or less varied form according to circumstances, yet always with sufficient clearness to remind the hearer at once of what is intended. A single illustration from the *Ring des Nibelungen* will perhaps make this point more intelligible. At the opening of the second scene of the *Rheingold*, the glittering pinnacles of the "Walhalla" (the castle in which dwell the souls of departed heroes) come into view. This scene is accompanied by a theme in the orchestra, which may be called the "Walhalla theme." In the first act of *Die Walküre*, Siegmund is telling Sieglinde how he lost his father. He describes how in battle he was separated from him, and never saw him again; he says, "My father I found no more," and at this point the orchestra in the most felicitous manner breaks in with the first strain of the "Walhalla theme," thus indicating that the father was gathered with the slain warriors. Numberless other instances of a similar kind might be given; but this one will suffice to explain the method

adopted. Hence though, on a first reading or hearing, Wagner's later works undoubtedly appear fragmentary and disjointed, they gain wonderfully on closer study, and every new reading reveals beauties hitherto unnoticed and unsuspected. With respect to his choice of subjects, his verse, melody, and orchestration, it must suffice here to refer our readers to Mr. Dannreuther's able elucidation of these points in his essay. We must also pass over his interesting remarks on Wagner's literary writings, and the biographical sketch contained in the pamphlet, and conclude with a few general remarks suggested by the subject under notice.

Wagner's musical dramas cannot, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, be called *operas*. We are speaking, of course, of his later works, in which his views on art are most fully illustrated. He must, in fairness, be judged from his own standpoint. As mere music, apart altogether from any dramatic considerations, few unprejudiced musicians would think of comparing *Die Meistersinger* or *Tristan* with *Fidelio* or *Don Juan*. To judge from what he has actually done, Wagner could not write a symphony which would equal the "Jupiter" or the "Pastoral." His principal instrumental productions, the "Faust overture," the "Kaisermarsch," and the "Huldigungsmarsch," interesting and impressive as they are, cannot be placed on a level with the greater creations of the tone-poets of "pure music." But in his own particular line of art, in the construction of the complex whole which he calls the "drama," in which music, poetry, scenery, and acting are all of equal importance, he stands alone; indeed no one has as yet attempted to rival him in this field.

It is therefore no matter of surprise that in this country Wagner should still be, to a large extent, entirely unappreciated. Though the thanks of all musicians are due to the Wagner Society for the specimens of his music which they have brought before the public, and though some of the detached pieces performed, such as the "Procession Music," and the Introduction to the Third Act of *Lohengrin*, have been warmly, nay enthusiastically received; yet any mere fragments of this kind give not the least idea of the composer's real strength, and almost remind one (without any malicious *arrière pensée*, be it said) of the old story of the man who showed a brick as the sample of a house. It may be doubted if there are twenty men in this country really qualified to form an opinion respecting Wagner—an opinion, that is, not obtained at second-hand, or founded on mere hearsay, but the result of an actual acquaintance with his works. There are only two possible ways of gaining this acquaintance. The first, and by far the best, where practicable, is the actual hearing of the works themselves on the stage. One hearing is not sufficient; they must be repeatedly listened to, in order to be fully appreciated. It may be interesting, as bearing on this point, to give the experience of a good musician, as related by himself to the writer of this article. He said: "When in Germany last summer I took the opportunity of going to see *Die Meistersinger*, and I attended three performances of it. From the first hearing I came away with

a bad headache; the music was so novel, and the strain on the attention so continuous, that I was thoroughly wearied. At the second performance I seemed to grasp the work much more thoroughly; and at the third it all became clear, and the impression it produced upon me was such as I have seldom experienced. It was *simply wonderful!*" The gentleman in question is a well-known London professor, and being a German, he could of course fully appreciate the connection between music and words which is so important a feature in the Wagnerian drama. And it is probable that the emotions he experienced would be aroused in others if only adequate opportunity of hearing the works were afforded in this country.

The only other, and a less satisfactory method of becoming thoroughly acquainted with Wagner's music is one which is beset with difficulties—the study of his full orchestral scores. The difficulties here are various. In the first place, the books themselves are so expensive (costing three or four pounds each, and some of them more), that they are beyond the means of many. But besides this, these scores are among the most elaborate and intricate in the whole range of musical literature, and there are but few musicians who have devoted sufficient time and practice to this branch of their art to be able to seize with the eye and hear with the mind's ear the effect of these complex orchestral combinations. Yet the instrumentation is frequently as much an integral part of the effect as the melody or the harmony. It might almost be said that in Wagner's hands the different instruments are often so many *dramatis personae*, for in many passages which might be cited the orchestration has a dramatic as well as a musical significance. He therefore who only knows these works in the pianoforte score cannot, at best, be said to more than half know them. But supposing that a musician has procured these full scores, and is thoroughly capable of reading them, his difficulties are not yet wholly overcome. He must, in addition, possess such a knowledge of the German language as to be able to follow every shade of the meaning of the *libretto*, in which he will hardly find a line which does not in some way bear upon the dramatic action. Without this thorough understanding of the drama, much of the significance of the music will escape him altogether. Then his imagination must be constantly on the stretch; he must figure to himself the progress of the stage-action, otherwise the subtle and ingenious "pantomime-music" (using the phrase of course in its wider sense) will appear meaningless. The reader will easily perceive that those who are in a position to estimate aright the value of Wagner's music without hearing it must of necessity be very few. Indeed the reading of one of his scores can only be described as a severe mental exercise.

It would be very interesting, did space permit, to trace the gradual development of Wagner's style from his earliest dramatic work, *Rienzi*, down to his latest and greatest, *Der Ring des Nibelungen*; but this article has already extended to such a length that this subject must be left for a future occasion. It would be premature as yet to hazard an

opinion as to the real place which he is likely to hold among composers; but it is impossible to deny him the possession of great originality, of remarkable poetic feeling, and of unsurpassed dramatic power. His day will probably come even in this musically conservative country; and time will no doubt ultimately award him his appropriate position in the "Walhalla" of musicians.

EBENEZER PROUT.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY (Second Notice). *

THERE is not in this exhibition any landscape supereminent for importance and excellence combined. As examples of the higher level of work, we may take the contributions of Messrs. Toft, Howard, Harry Hine, and E. A. Waterlow. Mr. Toft, who is a Dane, sends *The Courtyard of Koldinghunes, Denmark, the Ancestral Castle of the Princess of Wales*. This is a moonlight view of a dismantled edifice, painted with much simplicity and directness, which do not however in any way exclude a full indication of the appropriate sentiment. The old historic building, left to the influences of Nature, has come (as we may perceive) to have as much natural as historic association. Mr. Howard is the author of two works—*Lanercost Priory, Cumberland*, and *Mushroom Gatherers*. They are both firm and definite renderings of the scenes depicted, with the sentiment inherent in them, interpreted, especially the second work, in a sad mood. In the former, the steady rapidity of the full-flowing stream under the light of sunset is well expressed; in the latter, the upward slope and the joyless group of trees. *The Pouckle Rock near Dublin*, by Mr. H. Hine, has been executed with manifest care, and shows a well-managed balance of the various qualities suitable to such a theme. Mr. Waterlow's work—*A Peat-moss near Loch Inver, Sutherland*—is the most immediately striking of all: the sky, dappled with sailing clouds, and stirred with moonlight, is vividly pourtrayed.

The Goodwin family are, as usual, represented on these walls. Mr. Albert Goodwin takes as his theme the words, "And they saw on the other side a pleasant land full of flowers and winding paths, and did hear the song of the singing-birds;" rather a ponderous induction to a simple little picture of children pacing along a river-bank in spring. This gentleman used to paint forcibly, and for effect. Of late years, however, he has been doing what Blake called "experiment-pictures;" has been essaying a different scale of colour, light and bright, and in result flat, but evidently with a serious and progressive purpose of study. Just now he seems to have got into a failing stage of this process: the present picture, while pretty enough, is too faint in handling, and even crude in tone. Mr. Harry Goodwin sends a large and commendable work, *Twilight* by a river-side. The same period of the day is treated by Mrs. Goodwin in her *Autumn Twilight—St. Catherine's Hill, near Guildford*. There is a good feeling of *succession* in this work: the daylight is waning, the dusk coming on, the present phase of beauty an intermission, too soon to lapse. Another impressive rendering of a beautiful sundown rapidly darkening is the *Hexham* of Mr. T. J. Watson. The *Return of the Beer Fleet*, by Mr. Hamilton Macallum, is among the more important of the sea-pieces, bright and telling, with no extreme elaboration. Similar qualities appear to much advantage in this gentleman's *Florence, from the Hôtel d'Arno*; the sheen and motion of the river are given here with a very happy touch. Mr. Arthur Severn treats the same aspect of Florence on a much larger scale, and of course with a proportionate expenditure of means. On a near inspection, the picture is somewhat chilly and

* Mr. Hemy's name was twice spelled "Henry" in our last.

flayed in colour: this unpleasant appearance diminishes sensibly on a more distant view, but after all the work does not rank among Mr. Severn's best. His *Moonlight, Venice*, is very agreeable. *No Man's Land*, by Mr. Farren, stands high among the landscapes here. It exhibits a dreary heath, with scanty comfortless trees, and a dismal old white horse. Wind and rain-drift have their will with the scraggy boughs, and the clotted flanks and mane and tail. The sorry life here present will soon have yielded to the untoward influences, and other life, equally sorry, will succeed. *Kings and Ladies*, by Mr. Tristram Ellis, with figures by Mr. E. R. Hughes, looks cheerful after this. It presents a grove of beeches, leafless in winter; they have probably been studied from Burnham Beeches, and with some assistance from photographs. The whole is steadily and resolutely painted, with a creditable result. Another of the more prominent contributions is *The Mill at Rest*, by Mr. E. H. Fahey. Here the material is ample and pleasantly varied, and everything well rendered within a certain limitation: one only misses an ultimate touch of distinction and emphasis which would set the truly pictorial stamp upon the whole. In *The Wintry Sea*, by Mr. Edwin Ellis, there is a right sense of grandeur, desolation, and ceaselessness: sea and sky are almost fused together. *Salmon-Fishers off the Ayrshire Coast*, by Mr. Bannatyne, is another able and sympathetic study of sea, here severe and yet gentle in its blue-grey monotone. Two really satisfactory works are those of Mr. W. P. Burton—the *Old Monastery of the Dominicans, Ghent*, and *At Bruges*: the mottled surface of aged stone buildings, used to much wear and tear in their time, and capable of an indefinite further amount of it, is capitally indicated. Other meritorious works are the *Evening, Morecambe Bay*, and *Near Gravesend, Sunrise*, of Mr. Holloway; *A Coast Scene*, by Mr. Sheffield; *Ponte Vecchio, Florence*, by Mr. Aston; *Evening, Barges off Greenwich*, Frank Dadd; *Orchardleigh Ponds, Somerset—Clearing the Weeds*, Alfred Parsons; *Ballard Down, Dorset*, W. J. Callcott; *The Thames at Waterloo Bridge*, H. M. Marshall; *Folkestone Harbour*, by Miss Fanny Seddon; *Pembroke College, Cambridge*, by Miss Colkett; *Rocks at Cullercoats*, by Mr. John O'Connor; and *Evening near Esher*, by Mr. Pritchett.

Mr. Charles Richardson is a very talented painter of animal life in combination with landscape, true in observation, forcible in handling, and extremely lifelike in result; there is no indirection and no mannerism. His works are entitled *After Sunset, Westmoreland*, and *Mid-day. A Sheepfold in Surrey* is very carefully realised by Mr. F. Williamson. *Doves* can seldom have been treated with more genuine success than by Miss Crozier; this is an exact and highly elegant study, more especially as regards the actions of the birds. Among the flower-pieces, those of Miss Helen Coleman hold a front rank. W. M. ROSSETTI.

“THE RIVALS,” AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, AND
MR. AÏDÉ’S “PHILIP,” AT THE LYCEUM.

AMONG all last-century comedies, *The Rivals* probably stands second in general estimation now-a-days. Only one comedy can stand before it, and that can be no other than the *School for Scandal*. And *The Rivals*, though it may justly be the second, cannot pretend to be the first. Though its length is as great as that of the masterpiece, its subject is less full. It bears signs of the lack of experience which neither genius nor labour has been able to hide in a first dramatic work. Its interest is never very engrossing. Its unrestrained fun gets sometimes dangerously near to farce. When writing it, Sheridan knew where to begin, but scarcely knew where to stop. Mrs. Malaprop's “nice derangement of her epitaphs” is surely too continual. Julia's sentiment passes into sentimentality. Even Lydia Languish is something of a broad caricature. In the *School for Scandal* she would have been impossible. She would have been quite at home in *The Critic*.

That which enabled *The Rivals* to win its own high place, and hold it, at a time when the intellectual world gave *rendezvous* at the theatre—and after a critical first-night audience had received it but coldly, thanks in part to Mr. Lee's bad acting as Sir Lucius O'Trigger—is probably not so much its wit of dialogue as its freshness of conception and vigour of character. Familiar acquaintances of every day, who had not yet become tiresome on the stage, were introduced along with the more conventional characters of comedy. Sheridan's execution afterwards became more perfect, but his range was never greater, than when he wrote *The Rivals*. The distance is great between fiery Sir Anthony and boasting Bob Acres; between Julia, who loves the romance of sentiment, and Lydia, who cares for the romance of adventure. These characters are as far apart as any characters can be who proceed from a mind more observant than imaginative, and a mind which when observant is observant only of the world of fashion—idle masters of idle body-servants: mincing mistresses of mincing waiting-maids. The study of the higher class is carried further and is very notably keener than is that of the lower. Sheridan fathoms Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop; but of Fag he knows only that Fag can imitate his master, and of Lucy, the tiring-maid, he knows only that she gets kisses and will take bribes. Further he does not go. Perhaps no writer of comedy, who was really so great, was ever so limited. That is because he did not study humanity. He studied St. James's Street.

In old days the part of Julia seems to have been a favourite. It seems to have been possible then to take a serious interest in that monotonous but reputable damsel. She and "her Falkland" were, in truth, as sentimental as any persons in the novels that Sheridan wisely satirised. The sentimental novels were popular favourites, and so were Sheridan's own sentimental lovers. The actresses of that day did their best to bring out the very characteristic which the actresses of our day often do their best to suppress. What fault we find with the Julia of Miss Carlisle at the Gaiety is that she lends herself a little to what we conceive to be the older interpretation of the part. Mr. Vezin, as Falkland, makes that character real to us. His jealousy is intelligible. It is the result of a disordered brain and a too-finely organised nervous system, belonging to a man who must have begun life with the instinct of Puritanism—see his bare approval of the stately minut and his morbid horror of Sir Roger de Coverley. Mr. Vezin has often been better fitted with a part. He has made one or two parts distinguished. He should be seen, by those who wish to know him, in *Doctor Davy*—Mr. Albery's version of *Sullivan* or *David Garrick*—or in Mr. Wills's *Man o' Airlie*. Falkland is a part he cannot make distinguished. But he is so good an actor that he saves it from failure.

The acting, indeed, throughout the piece is good: the cast is so strong that as a whole we are not likely to see a better. For the smaller characters are represented as efficiently as the greater ones, and about the whole performance there is a completeness that, while it will not stand comparison with that of *The School for Scandal* a year ago, at the Vaudeville, is very remarkable, when we consider that the piece can only be played on a few Saturday mornings. Mr. Hollingshead has wisely confined his expenses to the engagement of a few distinguished players. There is no lavish outlay upon scenery and dress; no outlay that we could consider a liberal one, were the piece destined to amuse the town for fifty or a hundred consecutive nights. Of course there are exceptions to the excellence of the performance. Mr. Charles Harcourt, in the midst of much that is thoughtful, fails to give quite what we conceive to have been the spirit of Captain Absolute. A certain mental, not physical, importance seems lacking to his part. And the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Leigh is

undoubtedly wanting in finish and individuality; and this is due apparently not so much to any carelessness in the actress, as to the part over-weighting her. She delivers her words accurately, but not pointedly. Her facial expression has little variety. She does not bring Mrs. Malaprop before us at all vividly. The character may be in her voice, but it is not in her face. Mr. Lionel Brough's David expresses much anxious solicitude—a glimpse of a quiet tenderness which is not a common quality (hardly even a possible one) of Sheridan's. The Sir Lucius O'Trigger of Mr. Maclean is less demonstrative than one is accustomed to fancy him. Perhaps it is a stage tradition to oppose his very tranquil matter-of-fact courage to Bob Acres's blustering self-assertion: at all events, the thing is well done. Here, however, a certain raciness is missed which seems natural to the character. Mr. Taylor's Fag, Captain Absolute's servant, is satisfactory. The part is not one to which it is possible to give either much colour or much elaboration; and herein it differs from another small part—that of Lucy, the waiting-maid—which Miss Gresham plays with a good deal of quiet intelligence of what the part demands, though with no uncommon comic power. Her demureness is truly assumed, her liveliness not forced; there is nothing in her of the familiar soubrette's pertness. But when Lucy is quite by herself, and counting up in triumph, or at all events with satisfaction, the gains of her not-ill-meant duplicity, Miss Gresham has perhaps something less than the requisite spirit. The fault of Miss Farren's Lydia Languish is probably its exaggeration. It is so entertaining, that one does not complain of it at the time; but one asks afterwards whether this boisterous embodiment of self-will and petulance—angular and ungenial—which the actress chooses to represent, could by any possibility have won and kept the love of Captain Absolute; and whether Miss Farren has not, with all her cleverness, been mistaken in caricaturing that which was enough caricature to begin with.

To say that Mr. Toole, as Bob Acres, is fuller of broad fun than of intellectual subtlety is only to say, in other words, that Mr. Toole is a low comedian, and not a high comedian. But certainly, to our eye, this absence of subtlety is "the head and front of his offending" as Bob Acres. Bob Acres belongs to low comedians: low comedians are not generally subtle: *ergo* Mr. Toole is as good a Bob Acres as we are likely to see. The fact remains that there are conceivable delicacies of expression, double meanings of voice—as where, for instance, the coward suggests "we won't run, will we?"—that Mr. Toole fails to indicate. We want to feel, from our first introduction to him, that Bob Acres is not at all the hero he pretends to be. He is not a man who could impose upon us as Falstaff could. The declaration of his valour is less serviceable to his reputation. But Mr. Toole does not enable us to perceive this. In much of the duel scene, however, the actor's command of expression of the face is very great and striking. The valiant fellow is dying of fright. He is pale; his eyes start; his knees knock together. All of this that Mr. Toole chooses to do, he seemingly is capable of doing. He is a master of the resources of his art. His execution is ahead of his conception. He is always effective. He is not always delicately true.

One compares Mr. Phelps with those musicians who, following closely the master's work, are occupied wholly with its interpretation, and are called cold, as their reward, because they do not obtrude their individuality,—because they think always of displaying their author, and never of displaying themselves. What Mr. Charles Hallé does for Beethoven, Mr. Phelps does for Shakspeare, and for Sheridan. He is a careful, accurate, keenly intelligent interpreter. Mr. Phelps has not the pretension to improve upon Sheridan, or to think his own emotions of greater interest than Shakspeare's. He plays his part so well because

he never goes out of it. He understands the principle of the division of labour. And this being so—and forty years of almost unceasing work having done all that Time can do to make a man a finished artist—it is not to be expected that we shall require to single out, in his reading of Sir Anthony Absolute, a passage here and there for special praise. The choice would be arbitrary: the criticism of detail unnecessary. But if the intending playgoer, with a disposition to differ from us, will read to himself the scene between Sir Anthony and the Captain, in the early part of the second act—will read it at home as carefully as it is possible to do—and upon it proceed to the theatre, he shall find, we promise him, with all respect for his intelligence, that Mr. Phelps has read it more carefully than he.

Intellectual subtlety, united with sobriety and a measured employment of the physical means—that is perhaps the characteristic of the old school of acting, of which Mr. Phelps has been for now many years the accredited representative. Intellectual subtlety, not seldom overshadowed by new and unaccustomed shows of violence and passion—that is perhaps the characteristic of the strenuous school of acting, of which Mr. Henry Irving is easily the chief. The playgoer who sees something more than mere amusement in the theatre, will not be sorry when the performances of a week suggest to him a comparison not without its interest. Mr. Phelps in *The Rivals*: Mr. Irving in *Philip*—here is food for much curious consideration of the stage. Mr. Phelps, as is his wont, appears in a character which he has chiefly to interpret, and Mr. Irving in a character which he has chiefly to create. Mr. Irving's parts have generally given him scope for invention, and his inventive faculty is both great and delicate. His acting, even when it is most faulty—and it is very faulty in the new drama of *Philip*—is always worthy of careful discussion, for if it is often grievously disappointing, it is oftener in the highest degree suggestive. But well-nigh all we can say of it to-day, when a new play, itself of considerable importance, presses for notice, is that those who see Mr. Irving in this new drama will see the old faults—of occasional exaggeration, mannerism, even staginess—with all the familiar, but only too uncommon merits of broad grasp of the general character, and a delicate grasp of detail, and thoughtful study and much earnestness, and one or two new phases of power. And of these the most noticeable is a very short and very perfect love-scene in the first act, where Philip kneels to Marie, his mother's companion—a French girl. The common *jeune premier* kneels as a matter of business. It is a trick of his trade: an every-day process of love-making, and though the spectator believes it to be possible, he cannot be asked to consider it persuasive. Mr. Irving does quite otherwise. He kneels for an instant—flushed with sudden passion. Strong feeling floods his whole frame, as the Nile floods Egypt. So much must be said for one fine moment—let us pass to the play itself.

In recent days, Philip de Miraflore and Juan de Miraflore lived with their mother in Andalusia. Juan is occupied with Divine right, and Philip with human wrongs, and the mother has heard of Communism, and thinks that between that and feudalism there is no middle ground, and being the widow of a Spanish noble, the second seems to her the desirable thing. There was never much love between the brothers, and now that both love Marie, their mother's companion, there is little but hate between them. Quarrelling over the French girl, Juan stabs Philip, ineffectually, and Philip thereupon shoots Juan, dead, as he thinks, and the first act closes. Eight years afterwards, the old Countess having died, and republican Philip having made his fortune in trade in America, the girl Marie—still young—is companion to Madame de Privoisin, in Paris. One Monsieur de Flamarens is enamoured of her there, but her condition is that of a dependant, who

doesn't go in to dinner with the family, and this is a condition in which she must remain until Philip de Miraflore—now owner of the Château de Saint Léon, in Brittany—meets her by chance at Madame de Privoisin's and renewa the love of eight years ago. The two marry, and in the third act they are found about to sit down to a *tête-à-tête* breakfast in the château garden—one of those open-air breakfasts at which the good little red wine seems so *very* good and the yard and a half of bread so relishing that all must be contentment. But this Summer in Eden—or Brittany—cannot be undisturbed. Philip and his wife entertain a stranger who is an enemy, unawares. He narrates at breakfast-time the story of Philip and Juan in Andalusia, and speaks as if the killing of Juan—of which Philip's wife knows nothing—had been a murder and not an act of self-defence. Left to themselves, Marie accuses Philip of want of confidence, if not of the graver wrong which the stranger would have her believe, and they are clearly estranged. An old servant, coming suddenly on the stranger, finds that his halting gait and feeble voice have left him, and while the stranger is in truth Juan, the servant thinks him Monsieur de Flamarens, and communicates that suspicion to Philip. Philip himself suspects his wife, and, in the fourth act, while pretending to leave her, he watches the movements of the stranger. The stranger—Juan—has gained entry to the boudoir, and declares himself to Philip's wife. Then enters Philip, Juan having just had time to retire to the oratory; and the husband charges the wife with the concealment of her lover. She answers that if he so far doubts her as to search the oratory, she, however innocent the search may prove her, will refuse to see him again. He loves her, of course, devotedly, and he will not search at such a cost; but he bethinks him of a story of Balzac's, which tells of how a husband built in a lover with bricks, and he calls the masons, and they begin to make their wall which shall shut up the oratory for ever. They have not built far when the lover comes forth to confront the husband. And it is Juan, and with a cry that has something of rage, but more of relief, Philip says "Thank God!" and is saved from the remorse that has racked him. Juan is not dead, then, and Marie is innocent.

On a drama avowing itself as "romantic," one does not bear very hardly for lack of probability; nay, one is minded to bear lightly on it when lack of probability is atoned for not only by many striking situations and strong scenes, but by dialogue that is pleasant to hear—never weak, often pointed, nervous, and terse. But it would be an unworthy treatment of Mr. Hamilton Aidé—whose novels of themselves prove him a literary artist—to pass over such faults as occur to one when witnessing his play. Marie, his heroine, as the *Pall Mall* has truly pointed out, is so faintly outlined that we hardly know at the end whether her love of her husband or her old fancy for Juan was the stronger. Perhaps it is hardly natural that she should have been allowed to remain in ignorance of what Philip believed to have been Juan's fate. Certainly it is not natural that in the third act she should be so strangely unsympathetic, and in the fourth so chary of her protests that when desiring to explain she allows herself to be silenced in a minute, and the masons begin to build the wall, while an avowal on her part, which would have cost little, and which at any cost should have been made at once, might have saved all. The second act, in which we have an evening party at Madame de Privoisin's, is not necessary to the conduct of the fable. All that passes there might be made known to us in a few lines of narrative, and so it is possible to object to it; but, for our own part, we think the act pleasant to see, and regard it as a not unwise relief to the intenser scenes which follow and precede it. The third act is really the most disappointing, because it begins with a situation of which very much ought to have been made. Here the author seems to have firm hold of his

work: the grip is strong, but suddenly slackened, and the disclosure at the breakfast is followed but poorly and inartistically by the misunderstandings between Philip and Marie.

One or two details to end with. We question the wisdom of introducing the masons at all. They make too much noise, and work too rapidly—one needs must watch this wall-building, and so one misses the mental conflict in which the real interest of the scene should be. Again, in the second act, is it not quite a mistake to bring the uselessly-enamoured Monsieur de Flamarens to the door at the moment that Philip and Marie are embracing? He is disconcerted, and the audience amused; but the laugh is gained at too great a cost: nothing should break in upon our sympathy with the lovers.

Madame de Miraflore—who dies between the first and second acts—is played very well as to appearance, and pretty well as to manner, by Miss G. Pauncefort. But when perturbed, Miss Pauncefort walks about too much. She "takes the stage," as the technical phrase is, too much like a restless Englishwoman, not of the caste of Vere de Vere, and forgets her Spanish dignity. Miss Virginia Francis plays Madame de Privoisin with some feeling for comedy. She is all that the part requires. Miss Isabel Bateman is excellently natural in the gentler scenes, as Marie. She is thoroughly graceful, simple, and intelligent; but in the violent moments she fails strangely. She shakes her head impotently. Her mental power seems to desert her just when she is making calls upon her physical. Or perhaps it is truer to say that her intention is always good, and her execution weak only when she means it to be strong. But as Miss Bateman is very young, and probably has a future, she should be encouraged to study diligently all the expression of emotion; we know of no good reason why she should not eventually succeed in it as well as she already succeeds in the expression of all the gentler womanly feelings and womanly ways. Mr. Clayton plays Juan well enough to do him credit, and that is saying much when one remembers that since his Joseph Surface, much is always expected of him. But in the first act, though seemingly natural, he is a little too commonly colloquial. He is perhaps less like a Spaniard than like a travelling Englishman, and thus shares Miss Pauncefort's fault—the want of local colour. And in the last scene, his dress is ill-chosen, we think. It has about it a touch of the *bourgeois dimanche*. Monsieur de Flamarens is represented with admirable ease by Mr. H. B. Conway. The only fault people find with him is that his manner is not French; and that is a mistake, for in the Paris world it is very French to be very English.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

GOUNOD'S "JEANNE D'ARC."

In reviewing the musical events of the past week, detailed mention should certainly be made of the first production in this country of the most important recent work of M. Gounod. The composer of *Faust* holds so deservedly high a position among musicians and with the public that the announcement that his new music to *Jeanne d'Arc* would be brought forward at the first concert of his Choral Society last Saturday had the effect of crowding St. James's Hall to the doors on that evening. The programme comprised only two works, the "Messe Solemnelle," produced on this occasion for the first time in England under the composer's direction, which occupied the first part of the concert; and the music to *Jeanne d'Arc* already mentioned, which filled the second part.

M. Gounod's choir numbers about 100 voices, and was on this occasion supported by an orchestra of some sixty performers. The chorus sang throughout with much spirit and correctness, and a very fair attention to light and shade. Deviating from the plan commonly adopted, the soloists, who were without exception members of

the choir, instead of standing in front of the orchestra, sang from their places in the chorus. Moreover, for some reason not very apparent, their names were not given in the book of the words, but only printed on a separate slip marked "For the Press only." It was next to impossible from the part of the hall where we were seated to identify all the singers; it must therefore be sufficient to state that the names given on the slip referred to were those of Mrs. Weldon, Masters Alfred and Charles Rawlings, Signor Garcia, Mdlle. Morren, Miss Westmacott, Mdlle. Martorelli-Garcia, and (strangely enough in one place) the conductor, M. Gounod himself.

The "Messe Solemnelle" is tolerably well-known in this country, having been in the first instance brought forward by Mr. John Hullah at his concerts in St. Martin's Hall; and performed again some few years since by Mr. Barnby's choir. Besides this the music, either entire or in part, has been used, adapted to the words of the English Communion service in more than one of our London churches. It is therefore needless to dwell at length upon it here. It is showy, brilliant, and pleasing, but nowhere deep, and in many parts of a secular and operatic, rather than of a sacred character. On the present occasion, a new "Offertoire," which M. Gounod has recently composed for the "only authorized" edition of the work, just issued by his publishers, was given, instead of the one to be found in the former editions. The new piece must be pronounced decidedly superior to its predecessor. While possessing little that is absolutely new, it is most elegant and graceful, and embellished with all that is rich, one might almost say "luscious," tone-colouring of which the composer is so great a master. The performance of the mass was on the whole an excellent one; indeed, excepting one mishap in the "Gloria," where the soloists went astray, it left little or nothing to desire. Some curious alterations were made in the disposition of the solo voice parts—the tenor solo of the "Sanctus" being sung by a soprano, while the soprano solo of the "Benedictus" was given to the tenor.

Jeanne d'Arc is not an opera, but a play, produced towards the close of last year at the Théâtre de la Gaîté, Paris. It is written by M. Jules Barbier; and M. Gounod has supplied the incidental music. The first number is an orchestral prelude, which from its development might almost be entitled an overture. It is of a pastoral character, with an important principal part for the oboe, which was delightfully played by M. Dubrucq. The pastoral tone of the music is from time to time interrupted by an ecclesiastical phrase, in the scoring of which the brass instruments and harps are combined in the happiest manner. The whole piece is a masterpiece of orchestration, and it pleased the audience so much that an undeniable encore followed. No. 2, a chorus of Fugitives "From our home we are flying," is less successful. The music is not uninteresting; but it seems deficient in the requisite agitation. To hear the chorus singing in long-sustained deliberate tones that they are flying from their homes, is certainly a new illustration of the old saying, *Festina lente!* No. 3, the supernatural voices, encouraging Joan of Arc, is a movement which, on the stage, would be most effective; but, though full of good points, it suffers from transference to a concert-room. The following number—a chorus of ladies at Agnes Sorel's court, and the page's ballad—is very pleasing, though not without occasional reminiscences. A not very striking minuet for orchestra succeeds; after which is a patriotic chorus, "Dieu le veut," which is full of spirit, though slightly commonplace. No. 7, a soldiers' chorus with song, is one of the best numbers of the work, thoroughly original and piquant. The chorus, No. 8,—a prayer before the battle—is very good, but too much spun out, so that it becomes wearisome. After a pretty but not very remarkable chorus of women is a coronation march and chorus,

very vigorous and with plenty of drums and brass, but containing little that is actually new. The remainder of the music consists of a "prison scene," a funeral march, and the final scene of Joan's execution, the music being somewhat sombre in tone. As a whole the work shows that thorough knowledge both of theatrical and orchestral effect which was to have been expected from a composer of M. Gounod's experience. That it will advance his reputation can hardly be predicted, but it may with truth be said that it is not unworthy of him.

HANDEL'S "THEODORA."

HANDEL'S *Theodora* was produced at the last Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace for the first time at these concerts. Written in the year 1749, it was the last but one of the gigantic series of oratorios which Handel produced. Like many of its companions, it had been until recently so long neglected that, with the exception of the two songs, "Angels ever bright and fair," and "Lord, to thee each night and day," not one person in a thousand knew a note of the music. The credit of rescuing the work from its unmerited oblivion is due in the first instance to Mr. Barnby, who produced it last June, and again in October, at the first concert for this season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. From the nearly uniformly sombre character of its libretto, *Theodora* is never likely as a whole to rank among Handel's most popular oratorios. Even on its first performance it was not successful, as the composer himself said—"dere was room enough to dance dere when that was perform!" Yet the work was considered by its author as his masterpiece; and though one will hardly agree with him in ranking it above all the other oratorios, it indisputably contains some of his finest writing. In examining the scores of *Theodora* and *Jephtha* it is impossible not to feel that Handel in the later years of his life is breaking new ground. Just as with Beethoven in his Choral Symphony and Mass in D, or Schubert in his great Symphony in C, or Mass in E flat, so in these two works above all others, glimpses of a new vista in art seem to open to the composer at the close of his career. To take but two instances from the oratorio under notice—how perfectly new is the chorus, "Go, generous pious youth," in which the voices end with a half-cadence, leaving the final close to the orchestra alone. Again, the fine chorus "How strange their ends" (omitted on this occasion) is as unlike anything to be met with in Handel's earlier works as it can be. More instances might be given, but these will suffice. As in all the other oratorios, the choruses are the finest portion of the work. Nobody, before or since, has ever approached Handel in broad effective treatment of large vocal masses. Such movements as "Come, mighty Father," "All power in Heaven," "He saw the lovely youth," and "Blest be the hand" could have come from no other pen than that of the author of the *Messiah*. The dramatic contrast, too, of the heathen choruses, such as "For ever thus stands fixed the doom," and "Venus laughing from the skies," with those of the Christians, reminds the hearer that the work is the production of one who was the first operatic writer of his day; and the solo parts are no less individual in character. The comparative non-success of the oratorio may be largely attributed to the libretto, which is in many places even more silly, not to say idiotic, than the average poems which Handel had to set to music.

The performance was, on the whole, an exceedingly good one. The choruses were sung with a spirit and precision which furnishes a favourable augury for the future, while the band, it is needless to add, was perfection. The soloists were Madame Sherrington, who is heard to much greater advantage in florid operatic music than in Handel, Miss Dones, Miss Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Agnesi, all of whom were excellent. A special word of praise must, however, be given to Miss Sterling, as a comparatively new-

comer, for her admirable rendering of the part of Didimus. The lady sings like a true artist, and seems to improve at each hearing. The additional accompaniments, which are from the pen of Dr. Hiller, are unobtrusive and in excellent taste. A prominent part is in many numbers given to the organ, which was in the competent hands of Dr. Stainer. Mr. Manns must be heartily congratulated on the success of the performance.

EBENEZER PROUT.

NOTES AND NEWS.

AFTER the closing of the Salon, it is in contemplation to open an exhibition in Paris of the produce of the three great Government manufactorys, Sèvres, Beauvais, and the Gobelins.

ONE of the most important pictures that have been painted by M. Gérôme has just been despatched to a purchaser in America, after having been exhibited for some days in the window of Messrs. Goupil, 2 Place de l'Opéra, Paris. It represents a gladiatorial combat in the arena, at the moment when the victorious combatant, with his foot upon his prostrate antagonist, appeals to the audience for the decision of life or death. Almost as much pains have been taken with the accessory parts of the picture, the draperies of the balconies, and the crowded tiers of spectators, as with the principal figures. In the painting of the helmets and harness of the gladiators, and of the Oriental hangings of the boxes, M. Gérôme has put forth his utmost strength in the painting of metallic surfaces and tissues. The colouring and lighting of the picture are unusually forcible as well as agreeable. The most expressive parts are the figure of a gladiator already slain, lying apart from the principal group, and the bench where the vestals sit or stand in the act of giving the death-signal. The expressions in this latter episode seem somewhat forced and common.

MR. FORD MADDOX-BROWN has just completed portraits of Mr. David Davies of Llandinam, the newly-elected Liberal M.P. for the Cardigan District of Boroughs, and of Mrs. Davies. These are presentation-works commissioned by the Lessees and Directors of the Ocean Steam Collieries; with which, and with very many works of public improvement in Wales, in the way of railroads and otherwise, Mr. Davies is closely connected. The portraits are life-size, three-quarters length; each sitter forms the subject of a separate picture. Each is represented seated; Mr. Davies as if he had recently come in to business, Mrs. Davies, as half-occupied, or more than half unoccupied, in knitting-work. Some old stamped leather of a floreated pattern forms a rich and slightly background for this latter sitter. Both works are solid manly examples of portraiture, free from any forcing or overloading; living and half-speaking faces—not very different from the faces of hundreds of other people that one has seen, and yet different with that unmeasured and impassable line of severance which distinguishes each human countenance from all others. So long as the member for the Cardigan District is remembered (and we believe that he well deserves to be borne in memory as a "self-made man" whose private fortunes have been linked with public advantages), this version of a shrewd, prompt, clear-minded Cambrian face will always assist its spectator to understand the man, and to see into the sources of his success. Some of our readers will recollect the very fine portrait-group of Professor Fawcett and his wife, painted about a year and a half ago by Mr. Madox-Brown: they will have no difficulty in understanding what are the artistic merits of the likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Davies.

THE excavations carried on in the Coliseum at Rome are threatened by the *Excommunicatio major*. The Italian Government had undertaken them, not so much from a love of art as in order to avoid certain political difficulties. It had at first declined to allow the Coliseum to be used as a

place of amusement during the Carnival. In order to clear itself from the suspicion of acting under clerical influences, it had afterwards forbidden divine service within the precincts of the old amphitheatre. Not having the courage to remove the sacred stations and crucifixes from the Coliseum, it ordered archaeological excavations, which naturally led to their removal. Signor Rosa, the director of the excavations, has received notice from Cardinal Guidi that, unless he desists from his work of desecration, he will be excommunicated. As yet he does not seem to be frightened, and the orchestra of the old theatre of Vespasian has already gained an additional depth of two metres.

ON the 26th and 27th of last month the sale took place at Paris, of the well-known collection of Mr. Willet of Amsterdam. The prices obtained in Paris for works of art are generally higher than here—why, we can hardly say, unless it be that there are more earnest collectors of one special branch of pottery in France than here, where fashion or the beauty of the specimen guides the choice. The majolica fetched a high price. A Maestro Giorgio, flat plate or *tagliere*, sold for 107L 4s., a dish on low stem, *piadene*, for 72L 16s., and another for 51L 4s. One of those plates, with hollow centre and wide rim, called a *tondino*, by Giorgio's son, Maestro Cencio, fetched 35L 4s. A *piadene* of Diruta ware, attributed to the master who signs El Frate, sold for 33L 4s., and a circular dish of Caffaglio for 38L. The Faenza plates ranged from 20L to 24L, and a large Pesaro dish of metallic lustre, attributed to Maestro Girolamo, was knocked down for 50L 8s. The *Judgment of Solomon*, Forli manufacture, sold for 18L 4s.; and an Urbino dish, subject, Cadmus killing the serpent, attributed to Orazio Fontana, sold for 46L, and another, the subject Midas, for 30L. A dish attributed to Nicola da Urbino, Joseph's brethren presenting his tunie to their father Jacob, and comprised of six figures, fetched 22L 16s. A set of Delft jars and beakers sold for 125L 4s., a Delft ewer for 26L 4s., and a Vernis Martin fan for 40L. The sale realised nearly 2,000L.

THE February number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* is very rich in literature. Besides the chapters of Charles Blanc's "Decorative Art," René Ménard gives a description of several frescoes by the Arezzo painter, Spinello Aretino. Two of the frescoes from San Miniato al Monte are engraved, as well as a beautiful Madonna picture from the Cathedral of Siena. (Spinello, it will be remembered, is the painter of whom Vasari relates that he died of fright and remorse, in consequence of a dream in which the devil appeared to him under the form in which Spinello had represented him, and demanded to know why he had made him so ugly.)

The painted vases of Greece are the subject of a further study by Albert Dumont. "The Musicians of Luca della Robbia" is the title of a short paper by P. Senneville, describing ten exquisite bas-reliefs on the organ in Santa Maria della Fiore, two of which are engraved. The French school of painting as represented in the Musée de Lille is criticised by Louis Gonse. The artistic curiosities of Russia are commented upon, and several illustrations of them given. *Nicoleto de Modène fut-il peintre ou sculpteur?* is the question asked by Emile Galichon, who, however, does not answer it, but confines himself to the consideration of several works in niello that he supposes were executed by this artist; and the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna receives another notice by Clément de Ris. The Dutch School is now finished, and the French School under review.

THE *Boetzel Album*, a collection of engravings from the pictures of the Salons of 1872 and 1873, is highly praised as one of the best artistic productions of the year, and the Musée de Nancy and the collections of Alsace, Lorraine, are described by Charles Courtault.]

AN exhibition of the works of Prud'hon has been organised for the benefit of his daughter, who it appears has fallen into poverty. It will be opened on the 1st of April at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. Possessors of Prud'hon's paintings or drawings, who may be willing to contribute, are requested to communicate at once with M. E. Marcille, rue d'Hauteville, 54, and to send an account of the work they wish exhibited in order to facilitate the preparation of the catalogue.

THE regulations for the Salon of 1874 are published, and may be found in the *Chronique* of January 24. M. de Chennevières has made his "Règlement" as pleasant as possible to artists; still that excitable fraternity will not regret that this is the last time that the government will regulate for them. Henceforward, as before stated, the management of the Salon will be vested in the new National Academy of French artists.

DR. HEINRICH GUSTAV HOTH, a well-known German writer on the history of art, died a short time since at Berlin, at the age of seventy-one. He held the position of keeper of the Museum of Engraving at Berlin. The death of M. Buchère de l'Epinois, Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur, and a writer on art of some note in France, is also announced.

A NUMBER of packing cases of every size and description, amounting to more than a hundred, have lately been deposited in the Cour Carrée of the Louvre. They have been sent home by M. Delaporte, a young lieutenant in the French navy, who about a year ago set out with several other naval officers (among whom we believe was the ill-fated Lieutenant Francis Garnier) on an exploring expedition up the river Tonking. The object of the exploration was to discover whether a communication between China and the Indian Ocean could not be opened by means of the Tonking. While prosecuting his geographical and scientific researches for this purpose M. Delaporte has not, however, been unmindful of the interests of archaeology, and has sent home in the packing cases before mentioned a large and important collection of ancient monumental remains that he has discovered on the banks of the Tonking and in its neighbourhood. Ancient Asiatic architecture and sculpture of this description can seldom be studied except by Oriental travellers. Home-stayers are at best obliged to content themselves with casts, so that the Louvre is fortunate in having gained such a valuable addition to its stock of Oriental antiquities.

A SHORT biographical sketch of John Christian Schetky, under the heading "A Marine Painter of Two Centuries," appeared in the *Times* of the 9th inst. J. C. Schetky, who died on the 29th of January 1874, was born in 1778. He was a descendant of an old Transylvanian family, and appears to have inherited his artistic tastes from both his parents. At the high school of Edinburgh he was contemporary with Lord Brougham, Leonard and Francis Horner, and Sir Walter Scott, with the latter of whom he formed a life-long friendship. Many other of the distinguished men of the early part of the century were likewise his constant companions; but he was most proud, his biographer in the *Times* tells us, of his "interviews with two men, remarkable for very different causes—Robert Burns, his father's friend, who begged him off a flogging for playing truant to sail toy ships at Leith, and the younger brother of the Chevalier Henry, Cardinal York, whom he met in his lumbering coach in the Roman Campagna in 1801, and by whom he was questioned as to the welfare of 'his army and navy.'"

Schetky may be termed the successor of Willem van der Velde, in so far as his office of royal marine painter led him to paint the same class of subjects, but he had not the Dutch artist's power of ruling the waves. It was ship-painting rather than sea-painting that engaged his attention. At the age of eighty-two he painted one of his finest

works, the *Rescue of a Spanish Man-of-War by Sir C. Paget*, now hanging in the United Service Club.

AT the sale of the works of Ch. de Tournemine, which took place last week at the Hôtel Drouot, the following prices were realised:—*Maison turque au bord de l'eau*, 3,900 fr.; *Ruines d'un Temple au bord de la mer*, 3,950 fr.; *Campement en Asie-Mineure*, 1,450 fr.; *Un Café à Adramitti*, 1,030 fr.; *Maison turque sur le bord d'une rivière*, 3,350 fr.; *Lac sacré d'Oudeypour*, 3,200 fr.; *Retour de chasse* (Hindoustan), 2,100 fr.; *Ruines du Temple de Janina*, 3,000 fr.; *Eléphant traversant une rivière*, 1,400 fr.; *Pyramides vues du Nil*, 1,400 fr.; *Oiseaux sur le Nil*, 2,400 fr.

WE hear from Rome of the death, in the prime of life, of the promising Belgian sculptor, Gaston Marchant, who in 1869 gained the "Prix de Rome" of the Brussels Academy. At the time of his death he was engaged in putting the last touches to his statue of a fisherman throwing his net.

ON the 21st of this month is to be sold at Paris the splendid gallery of M. F. Szarvady, the well-known publicist. Amongst the eighty-six pictures enumerated are fifty-six belonging to the old Italian, Dutch, and German schools. The gems of the collection are said to be two Lucas Cranachs, a St. Gereon, and a St. Ursula with her Companions.

THE *Cologne Gazette* seems to be possessed by an uncomfortable suspicion that too much caution cannot be exercised by travellers and explorers in accepting as genuine the relics and "antiques" which are presented to them for purchase in the East. According to the writer, there is at Constantinople, within the palace of a Persian Governor, a manufactory for the preparation of ancient gems and the so-called Arsacides coins; whilst numerous medals, coins, fragments of antiques, and other archaeological treasures, all of which had been skilfully prepared for the purpose in the suburb of Galata, were lately being offered for sale to Western travellers by the workmen employed on the repairs and excavations which are at present going on near the ruined propylaea of the Hagia-Sofia. Here the deception was especially successful, as every passer-by had an opportunity of seeing these precious "finds" brought to the surface with every spadeful of freshly-turned earth. Occasionally, however, genuine treasures undoubtedly find their way into the hands of unscrupulous workmen, for it appears from the report of the search instituted by order of Nassif Pasha, Governor of the Dardanelles, to which we have referred in a previous number, that a considerable portion of Dr. Schliemann's so-called "Priam's Treasure" had been stolen by two Greeks in his employment, and carried by them to their village, where the spoil of one of the men, Lezeb Costandi, has been recovered almost uninjured, while the portion which fell to the share of his companion, Staliano Panayoti, has to a great extent been destroyed by having been given to a jeweller to be melted down and recast into ornaments for the bride of the thief. It appears that the robbery was effected as early as last March, and therefore three months before Dr. Schliemann left the scene of his explorations in the happy possession, as he believed, of the whole of the Priam Treasure. The men had, however, one evening in his absence come upon an earthen vessel, six inches high and three inches wide, which lay at a depth of thirty feet from the surface and about eighteen feet from the base of an ancient wall. The excessive weight of this jar led them to suspect the nature of the contents, and in the course of the night they conveyed it to their own village, where they examined their spoils, and, after dividing them, buried their respective portions. Amongst the articles recovered are two pairs of gold ear-pendants, several golden rings, and two bracelets, an ornament for the head, and four necklets or rosaries with golden beads about the size of peas, and, besides these

articles, small lumps of gold and numerous fragments of chains were also found.

THE Greek Government has, it is reported, expressed its willingness to allow the contemplated excavations at Olympia to be under the management of a joint commission of German and Greek savans, and to permit the Germans to select the spots where the works shall be undertaken. If this joint commission can be trusted to work with unanimity, we may anticipate very important results from the projected exploration of the Olympian district, which, as a focus of Greek festive life and a spot on which Greek art may be said to have thrown its treasures broadcast, can scarcely fail to yield a rich harvest of artistic wealth to the explorers.

SCENE-PAINTING, as applied to the representation of landscape on the stage, may be thought to have attained perfection some few years ago. The efforts of Beverley and Telbin are not to be surpassed in their own kind; and under Mr. Charles Kean's management at the Princess's the decorations were as accurate as they were costly. Many people thought they overpowered the acting, and the managers of the Théâtre Français—whose judgment ought to be, but is not always, infallible—would probably have been of this way of thinking. So would several French critics, who lately remarked that in the "mounting" of *Jean de Thommeray* the Théâtre Français itself was going dangerously near to an unworthy rivalry with the spectacular theatres of the Boulevard—rivalry in incorrectness as well as in lavish magnificence, it appears: M. Alfred Darcel having pointed out in the *Chronique des Arts* that a certain little castle of brick and stone, in the style of Louis Treize, did not belong to Brittany, either in material or manner. Correctness apart, modern scene-painting is certainly very effective; but it may be questioned whether it will not some day endeavour to represent a greater variety of landscape instead of confining itself, as it now does, to the very obviously picturesque and romantic. And yet of course the conditions of light may fetter it a good deal, to interfere with its range; and, also, the taste of the many has always to be considered—the many having at present little appreciation of any other scenery than that which is immediately recognised to be either lovely or grand. A stage-reproduction of a Claude landscape or of a Turner landscape may do very well; but the reproduction of a Rembrandt or a Hobbema—grey and weary and wide—would almost surely fail of success. We have much to be thankful for, and do not mean at all to grumble, but merely to point out what seem our present limitations. But with regard to the arrangement of stage-interiors, improvement is more surely practicable. Have we not had enough of the octagonal drawing-rooms with a regiment of chairs from Tottenham Court Road—all ranged in valiant row—with gay wall-papers and shabby prints, and for all drapery a crimson curtain, to represent the taste and luxury of Mayfair? Here and there one notices an improvement: chiefly perhaps where Mr. O'Connor has been at work. Like most people who enjoy the possession of manners that are passports, Mr. O'Connor has doubtless arranged some things not quite worthy of him. But just now he has two modern interiors which are a little out of the conventional stage way, and are so much the better for it. His drawing-room at the Royalty, in *Ought We to Visit Her?* is the result of a good conception, imperfectly realised: a Jacobite room: a "constructive interior" (as some new advertisements say) with something that is pleasant and something that is bad. Here the hand has not been lavish enough. The tone of the room is good, but the accessories insufficient. But in that very pleasant chamber tenanted by Smailey—the arch-russian of the new comedy at the Haymarket—the work, though scarcely fine, is more complete than harmonious. The eye rests not unhappily on the

dull ebonised dressers, stored with blue china—though the china be not of surpassing quality—and on the quiet-coloured walls, though these be hung with nothing more precious than the Japanese fans, the love of which has lately provoked the *Saturday* to an exhibition of manly satire.

WE hear from Munich that a scheme is at present under consideration for supplying the larger theatres with a system of waterworks, by which a copious stream of water may be turned instantly on the stage, or any other part of the building, in case of fire. It is proposed to lay down a network of pipes below the floor of the stage and slips, and to connect these, by means of a large main, with a spacious reservoir, thirty or forty feet above the floor. In an experiment lately made at Munich to test the efficacy of the plan, a fire was kindled the whole length of the main pipe, and when the flames were at their height the water at a given signal was turned on, and the fire instantly quenched. Should this simple scheme admit of easy practical application, we may hope that we have heard the last of those theatrical conflagrations which, to the disgrace of our boasted scientific progress, have hitherto occurred with terrible regularity.

LEROUX, an actor well known at the *Fransais*, died ten days ago at Algiers. He was manager of the French theatre there: a post for which he was not incapacitated by that sudden loss of memory which two or three years since very greatly interfered with his otherwise creditable success as an actor in the Rue Richelieu.

THE long farce of *L'Infortunée Caroline* has been succeeded at the Holborn Theatre by Cadol's best-known play, *Les Inutiles*, of which we propose to say something next week.

Amy Robsart is being played at Drury Lane; the heroine's part, originally taken by Neilson, is now sustained by Miss Wallis, seemingly to the satisfaction of the audience, and, in truth, intelligently.

M. GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, the author of *Madame Bovary*, has written a piece for the Vaudeville (Paris) called *Le Candidat*.

THE 5th of February was appointed for the formal trying of the great bell for the cathedral at Cologne. It is now finished, but it still remains at Herr Hamm's foundry in Frankenthal, where it was cast, and where its tones are to be tested by the musical commission appointed by the directors of the cathedral works, at the head of which stand Herr Weber, the chief musical director, and Dr. Hiller. Their verdict has not yet been made public.

THE second concert of the British Orchestral Society at St. James's Hall last Thursday week showed on the whole an improvement (for which there was abundance of room) on the previous one. The instrumental pieces given were the "Jupiter" symphony, and the overtures to *Leonora* (No. 3), and the *Isles of Fingal*. The last was the best performance of the evening; Beethoven's overture, however, though less perfectly given, was encored by a more demonstrative than numerous audience. The instrumental soloists were Madame Kate Roberts, who gave a very neat performance of Bennett's Caprice in E for piano and orchestra, and Mr. C. W. Doyle, the principal violin of the orchestra, who played in a thoroughly artistic manner David's concertino for his much neglected instrument. The vocalists were Miss Julia Elton and Mr. Edward Lloyd. English music was again but sparingly represented at this concert—the only pieces by British composers being the above-mentioned caprice by Bennett, and two songs by Sullivan, and the late F. E. Bache. If the two concerts already given are to be taken as an indication of the future of this society, it is impossible to predict for it any great success. The public are not likely to go to hear well-known overtures and symphonies

rendered in only a second-rate manner, when they can be heard to much greater perfection elsewhere. There is at present a want both of fire and finish in the performances, which is the more surprising considering the individual excellence of the members of the band. The conclusion is forced upon us that Mr. Mount is hardly "the right man in the right place."

AT last Monday's Popular Concert, Dr. Bülow made his last appearance for the present at these entertainments. He plays only once more (at the Saturday Popular Concert this afternoon), before leaving England. He selected for his solos three movements—a prelude and fugue in F minor, a chaconne in F major, and an air with variations in D minor, from Handel's *Suites de Pièces*, for the harpsichord, all of which he played in his most masterly manner. An even greater treat, however, to connoisseurs was given by the production, for the first time at these Concerts, of Beethoven's Sonata in C, Op. 102, No. 1, for piano and violoncello, in which he was joined by Signor Piatti. Like the companion work in D major, performed a few weeks since by the same artists, this sonata belongs to Beethoven's latest period. There is probably no living pianist so competent an exponent of the later pianoforte works of Beethoven as Dr. Bülow; and it may be safely asserted that there is no violoncellist in this country who can compare with Signor Piatti, whose performance, whether as regards purity of intonation or artistic feeling for the music, was unsurpassable. The whole sonata was a musical treat of the highest order. The concert opened with Mozart's Divertimenti in B flat, for stringed instruments and two horns, which had been more than once previously produced here. Though by no means one of its author's greatest works, it is full of pleasing melody, especially in the opening movement and the two minuets. It was admirably performed by Messrs. Straus, Ries, Zerbini, Piatti, Reynolds, C. Harper, and Standen. The two last-named gentlemen, who took the horn parts, deserve especial praise for the discretion with which they played; as the powerful tone of their instruments might without great care on their part have overweighted the strings. The concluding piece was Molique's trio in B flat, recently produced here, and repeated by desire. As the work was spoken of on the occasion of its previous performance, it is needless to do more than mention it here. The vocalist was Madame Patey, who sang Giordani's "Caro mio ben" and Randegger's "Peacefully slumber." The former has been heard *ad nauseam*. Madame Patey might enlarge her repertoire with advantage both to herself and her hearers.

Next Monday will be signalled by the first appearance for the present season of Herr Joachim.

MR. MACFARREN'S *St. John the Baptist* is announced for performance by the Sacred Harmonic Society next Friday week (the 27th) being its first production in London.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S choir gives its first concert for the present season on Thursday evening next.

WILHELMJ, the violinist (says the Paris *Figaro*), is at present in Paris; it is, however, doubtful whether he will appear in public, as it is feared that the fact of his being a Prussian may give rise to demonstrations.

In Weimar a complete performance of Goethe's *Faust*, with music by E. Lassen, is in preparation.

WAGNER'S *Lohengrin* has lately been produced for the first time at Stockholm. A Swedish paper, the *Aftonbladet*, makes the curious remark that the opera did not excite the *furore* which "from several causes was to have been feared!"

HERR HERBECK, one of the most distinguished musicians of Vienna, has been compelled by ill-health to resign his post as conductor of the Hofoperntheater in that city. Herr Joseph Sucher,

a young Viennese composer, is spoken of as his successor.

MADAME SARA HEINZE, a well-known pianist of Dresden, has received from the King of Sweden the gold medal for arts and sciences.

A SERIES of highly interesting critical articles on the recent works of Johannes Brahms, from the pen of Dr. Hermann Kretschmar, is at present in course of publication in the *Musikalischer Wochenschatz*.

THE fourth concert of the Wagner Society, which took place last evening, comprised, among other interesting items, Berlioz's overture to "Le Carnaval Romain," and a large selection from Wagner's *Lohengrin*. We shall notice the concert in detail next week.

THE Milan papers announce that Verdi has just completed his mass composed for the anniversary of the death of Manzoni, and that he has visited the finest churches of Milan to choose the one most suitable for the ceremony.

POSTSCRIPT.

As we are going to press we have received the following important note from Dr. Kirk:—

18 Horbury Crescent, Feb. 12.

This morning I have heard indirectly from Zanzibar, and find people there who could judge still question the truth of the story of Livingstone's death. Like us, they see nothing but native report to base it on.

J. KIRK.

DR. SIEMENS has just completed a screw steamer, the *Faraday*, designed entirely for cable work. Although only of four or five thousand tons, she has as much cable room as the *Great Eastern*. There are several points of novelty in the construction of this vessel. She is made perfectly symmetrical fore and aft, with a rudder at each end, so as to move in either direction with equal ease and accuracy. This is of the utmost importance for cable work, as it enables the cable to be picked up with the least possible expenditure of trouble and time; the whole of the paying-out machinery becoming in a few moments paying-in machinery. She has no keel at the bottom, but two bilge-keels or keels running along the sides, so that the cross-section is very nearly rectangular. This arrangement diminishes the rolling very considerably, and allows more room for tanks. She is driven by twin-screws, whose axes converge; the object of this is to obtain greater turning-power when the screws are driven opposite ways, which is possible, as their engines are independent. The axes of the screws would pass the centre of gravity of the ship at a distance of 27 feet. In this way the head of the ship can be kept to the wind when she has no way on. The launch will take place on Tuesday next at Newcastle, and is an important event in the practical application of electrical and mechanical science.

WE learn that an edict has just been issued by the Emperor of China, commanding the rebuilding of the famous summer palace which was destroyed by the French and English armies during the last war. This work will cost a very large sum, and the Imperial edict sets forth that, in consideration of its national importance, it is hoped that the faithful subjects of the Emperor will cheerfully bear the increased taxation necessary for the purpose.

IT is rumoured that the youthful Emperor of China (now in his twentieth year, we believe) has availed himself, in a truly Eastern fashion, of his newly acquired liberty, and has horrified the staid and respectable members of his court by wandering about his capital incognito, and at unseemly hours. Considering that his Imperial Majesty was only married sixteen months ago, and has so recently assumed the reins of power, this erratic conduct on his part is of bad augury for the future.

[Price 4d., or by post 4½d.; published every Saturday in time for the early trains.]

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

WITH the Fifth Volume the ACADEMY entered at the beginning of the present year upon a new phase of its existence. Instead of 480 pages of text a year, it now publishes, in fifty-two weekly numbers, 1040 pages, each of which will contain one-fourth more matter than the old ACADEMY page.

Three-fourths of each number of the new ACADEMY is devoted to Literature of the Imagination, Travels and Antiquities, History and Biography, and includes regular notices of the Picture Exhibitions, the Music of the Season, and the current Drama, English and French. There are periodical news-letters on literary, artistic, and scientific subjects from the chief capitals of Europe, and from America; and an adequate space is set apart for correspondence between literary men, jottings of interest, publishers' announcements, personal news, and the like. In all these matters the ACADEMY tells people of all classes who are aiming at the higher culture, what to choose and what to discard, in unmistakeable terms and with promptitude.

The remaining fourth part of the periodical is occupied with scientific matters interesting to a smaller class of readers, but divested as far as possible of all unnecessary technicalities which render them uninteresting or unintelligible to the educated as distinguished from the scientific reader. The various departments of knowledge have now become so minutely specialised, that even the scientific man can no longer hope to keep pace with discovery in all directions at once, and beyond the limits of his own peculiar study occupies to a greater or less extent the position of the educated layman or general reader. So that the wants of the small scientific class are in this respect identical, or nearly so, with those of the larger reading public. These requirements vary in different countries and at different periods, and can only be ascertained by actual experience. Our experience during the past four years has been that the scientific matter to be found in the ACADEMY has been pitched in too high a key, or at least has been presented in too technical a form to be so practically useful even to the scientific reader in this country, and at the present time, as it might without any diminution of fulness or accuracy be made. We propose then to ourselves a much more difficult task than we have hitherto attempted, viz. that of making this department of the ACADEMY useful to all, and engaging the attention and interest of all educated persons in the progress of European knowledge.

This department will embrace Natural Philosophy, Theology, and the Science of Language, especially of the English Language and Dialects, and the very important and interesting study of Comparative Philology, in connection with the Mythology, Folklore, Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the various races of Mankind.

It may be asked, why retain the name ACADEMY if the paper is to be so entirely re-organised as to form to all intents and purposes a new critical organ?

We have re-organised the paper because we think that such a critical organ as we have described is wanted. As to the retention of the name, a few words of explanation are necessary.

Very few persons have, we think, understood what was meant by calling

the old fortnightly periodical, which we now propose to supersede, the ACADEMY.

The word "Academy" suggests to most average Englishmen, in the first instance, the idea of a second-rate and pretentious private school. It is also the name of a chartered Institution in London, which has won a reputation for fairness and discrimination in hanging pictures. As the name of this periodical, it appears to have given the impression to some persons that we propose to ourselves to treat of matters exclusively interesting to schoolmasters and professors at the Universities. But in all European languages except the English an "Academy" means *a central organ of sound information and correct taste in intellectual matters*. The great French Academy founded by Richelieu has more particularly taken under its charge the maintenance of the purity of the French language. The Academies founded in the principal German Capitals, and elsewhere, in imitation of the French, have laid a greater stress upon the maintenance of correct information in matters of scientific knowledge; and the renowned Academy of France has added to itself special Academies having the same object.

Now it is in the sense in which the word is understood on the Continent, in the sense of a standard of correctness in intellectual matters, that the name was and is still applied to the ACADEMY Journal. The great national importance of concentrating the intellectual forces of a country is recognised in every country but our own; and this recognition has justified the employment of public funds for the maintenance of the Foreign Academies as public Institutions, and the partial support of their members. And the absence of such an Institution in England has had this result, that a larger amount of bad work both in literature and in science passes unchallenged in this country than in any other, standing upon the same level of civilisation.

What, then, in other countries is done for learning and science *by means of an Institution* supported at the public expense, we propose to accomplish in this country, not only for these but for all the materials of culture and refinement *by means of a periodical* subjected, after the English manner, to the economic conditions of supply and demand, viz. to keep the reader up to the mark of what is best in the world, to gibbet mercilessly what is bad, and to criticise with sympathetic fairness what falls between these two extremes.

Keeping thus always to the main stream of the best production, we shall have to point to Germany for Science, to France for Art, but to our own country for Poetry and Fiction, for the Literature of Manners and Society, for Travel and Adventure, as well as for the great philosophic ideas which are transforming the mental horizon of mankind.

But there is, we are firmly convinced, no necessary connection between setting up a standard of correctness and being unintelligible or unattractive to the average reader. It is true that much of the attractive writing in this country is deficient in accuracy, and perhaps no less true, that our own work hitherto has preferred accuracy to attractiveness. Still we believe that it is practicable to unite both these qualities in criticism; and by our elaborate organisation of departmental editing, we confidently expect that we shall be able, as we have determined, to unite them in our new issue.

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